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SIXPENCE.
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MISS DECIMA MOORE

AS ROSE BRIERLY IN "A GAIETY GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photographed by Electric Light by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

The great fact of the month which closes to-day is the Coal Question—called by masters “the strike,” by the men “the lock-out.” Serious disturbance at Ripley, Derbyshire, caused the despatch of the 17th Lancers thereto. Public opinion asserts itself strongly in favour of a speedy settlement of this “burning” question.—The Archbishop of Canterbury concluded his quadrennial visitation with a stirring denunciation of “the trinkets of Rome,” obviously awakened by the recent declaration of Cardinal Vaughan that 1200 Roman Catholic bishops refused to admit the validity of English orders.—The case for the Government was put by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who “makes no pretence of being anything but a keen party man,” at Stirling; by Sir George Trevelyan at Glasgow; and by Mr. Asquith, ending his visit to Leeds, with a determination not to make any more speeches than “in justice to the public, and in mercy to myself,” a promise which he kept within two-thirds of a column.—The perennial “meeting at the Mansion House” considered in private the channels of relief to the poor during the coming winter.—From Chicago comes the intelligence that nearly 21,500,000 persons paid for admission to the greatest show on earth.—They are beginning to mention names for the next Prime Minister in Austria-Hungary. The Ministry must be a coalition, and probably will also be a stop-gap.—The silver purchase clauses in the “Sherman Act” are to be repealed in the United States. The debate, which has shown the short tempers and long tongues of the senators, came at last to an end.—M. Paderewski, amid the usual excessive enthusiasm, gave his sole recital this season at St. James’s Hall.

Wednesday.

The Disraeli dictum about the unexpected was in everybody’s mind this morning by the announcement that Mr. Spencer Walpole had been selected to succeed Sir Arthur Blackwood as Secretary of the Post Office. Descendant of two Premiers, and the son of a former Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole began life in the War Office, was afterwards Inspector of Fisheries and Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, while he has made his mark as a historian. He is fifty-four.—The opening meeting of the Royal Stagbonds took place near Slough. The stag took refuge in an enclosure round the Provost of Eton’s house, the local policeman failing to remove it. Finally it was taken away in a van. This is “sport.”—The Aërated Bread Company dividend was announced, but its large amount made some shareholders only denounce the small wages—8s. to 11s. per week—of the waitresses. The protest was in vain.—“Despite their outward polish, a greater set of ruffians could not be found than in the House of Lords.” This statement, made by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, quite shocked the Diocesan Council of Down and Connor.—“Dundonnachie” is dead. Mr. Robertson, as his real name was, was an irrepressible litigant for many years, conducting his case in person. He distinguished himself once by knocking off the hat of Lord President Inglis.—The election for the Prussian Diet took place, the Social Democrats abstaining from voting as a protest against the limited franchise under the Prussian system.—The Queen’s Regiment of the Spanish army left Algeciras for Melilla.—The remains of the Mayor of Chicago are laid out in state.—The World’s Fair closed yesterday; it has paid its way.

Thursday.

The long-expected Admiralty minute on the disaster to H.M.S. Victoria concurs with the finding of the court-martial, though it holds that Rear-Admiral Markham’s belief that Admiral Tryon would circle round him was not justified by the proper interpretation of the signal. The Camperdown’s captain was not prompt enough for the occasion, but the discipline on the ill-fated ship will ever remain a noble example to the service.—The Duke of Argyll favoured the good people of Glasgow with some of the “ancient superstitions” still retained in his Highland home. He likened Mr. Gladstone to a juggler and Sir George Trevelyan to a jelly-fish.—The municipal elections of England and Wales took place.—The Lord Mayor of London, like some scriptural hero, receives a gift of honey, to the extent of 1 cwt., from the British Beekeepers’ Association.—The tenants of the Savernake estate are saddled with their landlord, Lord Ailesbury, for the Court of Appeal allows Lord Iveagh to rescind his contract to buy the property, which was threatened with a £3000 a-year charge from Julia, Marchioness of Ailesbury.—Sir Christopher Teesdale, V.C., Master of the Ceremonies to the Queen, Mr. Leonard Seeley, elder brother of the author of “Ecce Homo,” and the great Polish painter, Johann Matejko are dead.—Anarchy had a flare-up at Liverpool Street Station to greet Nicoll, the editor of the *Commonweal*, who completed eighteen months’ hard labour for his attitude to the Walsall warriors.—The miners’ demand for a living wage found the sympathy of a meeting of some forty Liberal M.P.’s.—The Flemish Volksraad, a kind of Home Rule body, who protest against French influence in Belgium, held a meeting at Brussels.—Apropos of Melilla, Marseilles warns “the noble Spanish nation” against the English policy of scuttling.

Friday.

That the nation should take a continually increasing interest in the military forces of the Crown is the wish Lord Roberts expressed at the Cutlers’ feast. What will the Peace Society think of him?—“And the earth was shaken”—all over South Wales and Cornwall.—Seven Dahomey chiefs landed at Liverpool, en route for Paris, where they are to plead for a treaty of

peace. Their hair has not been cut for three years, for they still lament the loss of their late king.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha arrived at Balmoral. It is many and many a year ago since a duke of that kingdom went so far north.—Mr. William Morris, addressing the Arts and Crafts Society, gave the art of printing fifty years of life. After that people will have books in bottles with patent stoppers.—Balfe once dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls, and *Society* dreamt that his son, a poor gas-fitter, was not legitimate. That illusion has cost it £200.—A middle-aged lady threatened to commit suicide in the Law Courts because the Master of the Rolls would not hear her case.—New York is excited at the threat of Admiral de Mello to destroy in its harbour three gunboats which the Brazilian Government think of purchasing from the United States.

Saturday.

The Cunard steamer *Campania* has made another Atlantic record, this time on the homeward passage, which it accomplished in 5 days 12 hours 7 minutes.—The *Chronicle* coal-miners’ fund was announced to have risen to £11,106. The meeting between the owners and miners took place at the Westminster Palace Hotel.—The Rev. Robert Redpath, the oldest minister of the United Presbyterian Church, died. He was baptised ninety years ago by the “Christian Socrates.”—The most remarkable case since the decision of Solomon on the two women and the child was the way in which the *Times* described the strange paternity case now familiar as *Thompson v. Rourke*. Mrs. Thompson has fully justified the remarks, and her latest escapade was in Mr. Justice North’s Court, from which she was borne yelling and struggling to Bow Street, where she was discharged.—He stood on the bridge (Westminster) at midnight, and dropped a shell, which had been picked up on the field of Solferino in 1859, into the water, as he thought. It really dropped on a buttress, and was found by some watermen. Who the “he” is has not been announced.—The French vintage is estimated at 20,900,000 hectolitres above the average of ten years.—The Socialists in Vienna had a sanguinary conflict with the police.—Several powerful Kabyle tribes are to join the Riff Arabs against the Spaniards.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes has arrived at Fort Victoria.—A transport vessel with troops for General Peixoto has been sunk by the insurgent Republica, and 1300 lives have been lost.—The Misses Tulloch, five in all, gave a recital at Steinway Hall.

Sunday.

The papers to-day were full of the abortive meeting which took place on Friday and yesterday between the coal-owners and the miners for a truce in the great war. The conference broke down on the question of wages, the owners demanding the 15 per cent. reduction as the basis of any settlement. Mr. T. P. O’Connor again reiterated his declaration that a considerable war would have caused less suffering and entailed less perilous consequences than this civil conflict in our midst.—Another topic of comment was the manifesto of the Fabian Society to the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title “To Your Tents, O Israel,” Mr. Massingham’s remark that it is a squib, not an explosive bullet, being largely quoted and approved of.—The Lord Mayor of London last night entertained to dinner at the Mansion House the Postmaster-General, who said he was between the devil and the deep sea, the public on, the one hand, demanding reforms which would cost a great deal of money, while on the other the Chancellor of the Exchequer yearned to squeeze every possible penny out of the department.—This was Guy Fawkes Day, and the centenary of some strange doings in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, where the effigies of Robespierre, Danton, Murat, and other notable figures in the French Revolution were burned.—What is probably the most terrible disaster ever known from dynamite was recorded this morning. It took place at the Spanish town of Santander on Friday night, where a trading steamer, with 500 packages of dynamite for the surrounding mining district, took fire. A tug was sent to tow her out to sea, and while it lay alongside the steamer blew up. Both vessels were, of course, blown to atoms, the wharf was lifted into the air, and hundreds of people, including the Governor of the province, were killed. The damage is estimated at £500,000.

Monday.

Lobengula is said to be rallying his forces. He is declared to be back near his capital, and another fight is anticipated.—Ninety thousand men of the Spanish Reserve are to be called out in view of possible emergencies in Morocco.—The King of Sweden has conferred on Ibsen the Grand Cross of St. Olaf, founded in 1847 by Oscar I.—Sir Gerald Portal started from England for Zanzibar.—The death of M. Tirard, ex-Premier of France, is announced. He was a Swiss, and during the Empire abandoned a Government situation to become a watch manufacturer.—The centenary of the battle of Wattignies and the raising of the siege of Maubeuge by the Austrians was celebrated at Maubeuge by the unveiling of a monument by President Carnot.

DALY’S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Mr. Augustin Daly’s Company. Every Evening, at 8.45, *THE ORIENT EXPRESS*, Mr. Burnand’s new Comedy. “Received with unceasing laughter.” Preceded, at 8.15, by *THE RING OF POLYCRATES*. Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Clarke, Miss Irving. MATINEE, Saturday Next, at 3. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.
MONDAY, Nov. 13, *THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*, with Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle, Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Tree, Sole Lessee and Manager.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, Henry Arthur Jones’s New Play, *THE TEMPTER*. MR. TREE as THE TEMPTER. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5. Seats may be booked two months in advance.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF NATURE.



"FROG," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

From the title and the fact that our drama is now in such a state that no kind of play is surprising, it was expected that there would be some experiment performed on a luckless member of the batrachian family, or that the question of vivisection would be discussed, or even that we should see an adaptation from Aristophanes. In point of fact, the story is about a doctor, but that is its nearest approach to vivisection. It is a burlesque, so Aristophanes is not quite out of the matter; however, as to the experiment there was utter disappointment. I had hoped for a "curtain" that would show a tableau such as the splendid "Experiment with an Air-Pump," by Joseph Wright of Derby.

As a matter of fact, "Frog" is a home-made joke on the name Fred Rogg, with which the hero is blessed. His family thought him cold-blooded and passionless, and so gave him the nickname; it seems rather an insult to the real frogs, who are of a very amorous complexion—at least, naturalists say so. The jest has a somewhat batrachian humour. I have often wondered whether Lord Beaconsfield did not really use that

with Deville, even if it wounded the feelings of her family and husband, yet would not elope with him so long as he was a married man.

One Christmas night, the second in the play, Monsieur Paul told Mary that his wife was dead, and so she felt that she must run away with him, and she did. She set out in a yellow silk dress, slightly *décolletée*, with what men call a Shakspeare collar, and she further protected herself against the wintry weather by an opera cloak. Philip had arranged to meet her at the quay, and on his way went into the establishment of a licensed victualler for a pick-me-up; finding the liquor to his taste, he wisely decided to stay where the drinks were good, rather than go on board the lugger, where the brandy might be bad.

Mary, when she found that this "laggard in love" did not "come up to scratch," could not resist the temptation to make a foreign tour, so off she went to "the Continong," and spent a year there without communicating with the Roggs or Grahams. How she passed her time and how she supported herself is a mystery into which it seems discreet and charitable not to inquire. When the year was over the prodigal wife returned home, without even sending a penny post-card of warning, and, of course, she chose Christmas night for her reappearance.



THE CARD OF INVITATION TO THE MAYORAL BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL.

phrase, and not Batavian, in his hit-off at Mr. Beresford Hope. "Frog" fell in love with the sister of his sister-in-law, Mary Graham, a young lady of whom he did not deem himself worthy, since she had been brought up in France and knew all about art and literature. However, his relatives egged him on, and he proposed one Christmas night. She replied that she would think it over. Now, shortly before this a Frenchman—a very bad man, too—had come in to ask the doctor to make up some medicine that the chemist would not dispense, since it contained a tremendous dose of strychnine as an antidote to drink. The doctor, willing to earn a humble but, perhaps, dishonest profit, said he would prepare the dose, and told him to call again. Paul Deville did call again, in the middle of a family party, and Mary at once grew fearfully agitated, and told Frog that she would marry him. Frog guessed that Paul had once done her some injury, so with Christian fortitude he dashed down the medicine, refusing to give to an enemy the poison that he had prepared as a matter of business for a stranger.

A little while later Frog married Mary, and tried to educate himself in art and literature so as to be a suitable mate. Under circumstances that I do not pretend to explain, Mr. Paul Deville came to stay at the Roggs', and made love to Mary. It appears that they had formerly been sweethearts, and had gone out long walks together in France, but did not get married because he happened to have a wife outstanding. Now, Mary's ideas of right and wrong were as curious as her husband's views as to the supply of poison. She did not object to a compromising flirtation

After the traditional peep through the window she came into the house, in a winter travelling costume of white silk or crêpon and a huge black hat. She and Mr. Deville, who was paying a friendly Christmas visit, explained that she was still virtuous, despite her escapade. So Frog and Mrs. F. lived happily ever after. The play really is full of humour, and richly deserved the laughter given to it at times by some of the audience.

THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

The invitation card to the Mayoral banquet at Guildhall, here reproduced, is a capital specimen of the work of Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades, fine art printers to the Corporation. It is an imitation of water-colour work, and shows the armorial bearings, crest, and motto of the Lord Mayor beneath a garland of roses supported by two Cupids, the arms of the Sheriffs, and the arms of the City of London. The Lord Mayor's Ward, Queenhithe, looking from the river, with St. Paul's in the background, is shown; and, on the right, views taken from the Wards of the Sheriffs—the statue of King William IV. (Candlewick Ward) and the Royal Exchange (Cornhill Ward). The liveries of the Lord Mayor have been made by Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Ludgate Hill, and present a very handsome appearance. The state coats, of rich black silk velvet, are embroidered in gold, with a tasteful design of wheat, poppies, barley, and oats, in compliment to Alderman Tyler's Ward (Queenhithe), which was at one time the City landing-place for all cereals.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Mr. George Edwardes seems fated to be the hero of magnificent gratis advertisements. According to the fragment prefaced to "Don Juan," but "not discovered among Lord Byron's papers," the kindness of the Licensor of Plays was found by the Gaiety manager "to be extremely handy when once in trouble over 'Randy Pandy.'" "A Gaiety Girl" got an equally good send-off from Mr. Pigott, and "Don Juan" has gained even greater notoriety by the action of the Turkish Ambassador, who protested against the caricature of his lord and master the Sultan. Mr. Edwardes has accordingly turned the Sultan into "Jabez Pasha," a change for the better, perhaps. Since the first night the burlesque has been knocked about in a way that only a Gaiety burlesque can stand; indeed, the process is necessary for life. One of the hits of the lyricist, Mr. Adrian Ross, is the bathing song, sung by Mr. Arthur Roberts, who tells how he met a maiden splashing in the brine at Boulogne—

So I swam to her side and addressed her like this:
 "Oh! (bubble)—my (bubble)—I (bubble)—for thee
 Pray (bubble)—my (bubble)—oh, bother the sea!
 I mean that I (bubble)—you quite understand—
 But I think I could (bubble) mu:h better on land."

Miss Sylvia Grey possibly never looked nattier than she does as a sailor boy.

It was with serious misgivings that one went to see "Tom, Dick, and Harry" at the Trafalgar Square. The title has a common sound; the piece is said to have been a great success in America—a very evil sign. The cast, saving the presence of Mr. Charles Hawtrey, was not brilliant, and the dramatist is a lady. The last reason appears ungallant; but, while not pretending to believe that women are inferior to men, and admitting that a few able plays have been the work of the stronger sex, and without prejudice to the just claims of Mrs. Hugh Bell and Mrs. Musgrave to admiration, I am bound to say that my experience of new plays by lady authors has been painful. However, the misgivings proved ill-founded. The new work is not a masterpiece of wit, humour, or fun, yet it causes very hearty laughter. At first the play seemed likely to fall flat. When you discover that an old, old motive is going to be used, and see that the dialogue is not clever, you are bound to feel rather dull. Nevertheless, after a somewhat *mauvais quart d'heure* the laughter began, and "set fair" for the rest of the evening. What really is the fun of the thing? One sees Mr. Charles Hawtrey come in with sham beard and whisker, that cause his own father to fail to recognise him; then it is clear that Tom, in disguising himself, resembles someone else and that trouble will arise. As a rule, in such a case, on the stage, the someone else turns out to be disreputable; this time, however, it is not the hero who gets into difficulties, but rather those whom he unwittingly personates—"those," for he resembles twins between whom there is a remarkable likeness. Mr. Arthur Playfair is one of the twins. Ere now he has shown that he can mimic both voice and manner of actors. Why does he not try to counterfeit Mr. Charles Hawtrey? It would greatly add to the fun of the fair. However, although it was incredible that any mistake should be made by those who knew the three well, the audience assumed that the errors were possible. When once an author has it accepted that wives, sweethearts, and parents cannot tell A from B and C, he must be stupid if he is not able to

bring about some funny scenes, and Mrs. Pacheco is not only not a stupid duffer, but, in truth, a very adroit play-constructor. The acting contains three noteworthy features. Mr. C. Hawtrey's quiet, light humour gave a kind of dignity to Tom's part, and almost made one forget that it is mere farce; there is no one on the stage who seems to



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS SINGING THE BATHING SONG IN "DON JUAN."

act so little, and yet creates such a great effect. His brother, in the small part of a doctor, acted with some nice touches of character. Mr. John Beauchamp, as a peppery old Indian officer, played better than ever before.

A bibliography of the Sardou-Scott-Stephenson drama, by its bulk, would probably surprise the world, for since the days when the French playwright complained that his "Dora" had been ruined by the adapters, and was told at great length in reply that, on the contrary, "Diplomacy" is a better work than the original, the critics and the uncritical have showered articles and notices on the play. Lately it has been hall-marked by the Queen at Balmoral, and that has caused ink to flow. What is left to be said? Certainly nothing about the piece. What about the players?

Little, save concerning one: that very clever actress, Miss Olga Nethersole, who has the gift for dressing, rare on any stage, has left the company, and Miss Elizabeth Robins appears in her stead in Mrs. Bancroft's old part of the wicked Countess Zicka. Now, Miss Robins, in addition to other and more desirable gifts, has that of causing discussion whenever she appears. Her Mrs. Linden, Karin, Hedda Gabler, Jean Creyke, and Hilda are five of the finest performances of our times, and yet there were critics who stood out against the majority and dispraised them. In "Diplomacy" we find two sides to the question. For my part, though one of her warmest admirers, I do not pretend that Zicka suits her as she suits Zicka. It will be seen that Miss Robins in her work varies directly with the belief that she has in her part and the interest she takes in it, and I do not think she believes or takes interest in the Russian spy any more than I do; consequently one sees in her work her mannerisms without herself. In her big scene she fires up, but otherwise she is unjust to herself. As for the rest of the company, when shall we again see Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, and Miss Kate Rorke acting together?—E. F.-S.

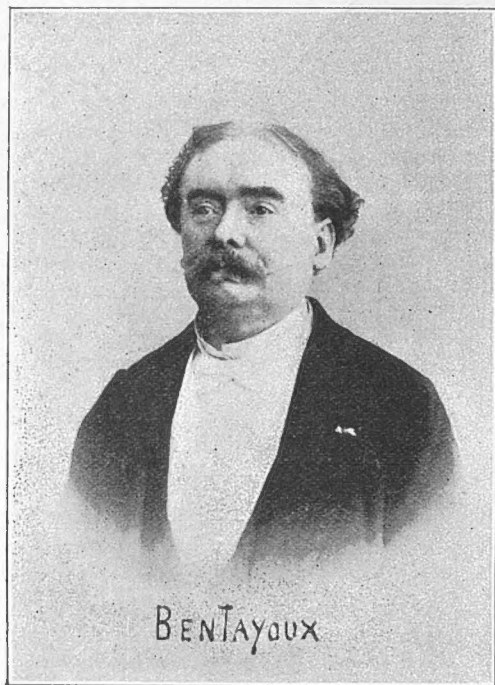


MISS SYLVIA GREY AS DONNA JULIA AND MR. EDMUND PAYNE AS LAMBRO'S LIEUTENANT IN "DON JUAN."

MONSIEUR BEN TAYOUX.

TEN MINUTES WITH THE FRENCH COMPOSER.

M. Ben Tayoux is French all over, or, at least, comes up to the usual English ideal of what a Frenchman ought to be. His southern blood



betrays itself in every gesture, and when talking a dozen different expressions flit over his countenance in as many moments.

"You have guessed rightly," he said, in answer to an observation; "my name is an Arab one, and I could claim to be a 'child of the desert.' True," he added lightly, "we have been settled in France since the year 1100, when my ancestor was taken prisoner by a Crusader and brought captive to France, where he remained. I myself was born at Bordeaux, in the Grand Theatre, for my father and mother were both members of the dramatic profession. This event occurred fifty-three years ago."

"And I suppose your musical powers developed early?"

"I went through the usual studies at the Conservatoire, and there made many good friends. Rossini was always most kind to me; indeed, I may say that I was one of his favourite pupils. I think I can claim to having worked harder than most men," he continued, smiling; "I have written four hundred and eighty-nine compositions, in addition to my opera." And *le Maître* looked as bright and free from care as if his life's work lay before rather than behind him.

"But it is as a popular song writer that your name is most familiar, Monsieur?"

M. Ben Tayoux nodded his head with a comic gesture of half denegation.

"That is always the way," he complained. "The things that cost you least trouble give most pleasure to the public. Yes; I must plead guilty to many ditties, foremost among them 'L'Alsace et la Lorraine,' composed shortly after the Franco-German War, since when it has constantly been sung all over the world wherever the French language is spoken. Among my other popular songs were 'Le Petit Toc Toc,' and 'Le Café,' and at one time I composed several waltzes, which, unfortunately, were not signed with my name."

"And now a few words about your opera, Monsieur?"

Monsieur Ben Tayoux's bright eyes gleamed. "I call it an *opéra-comique-bouffe*. The title is 'Katherina,' and the libretto, written by M. Huard, follows Shakspeare's great comedy, 'The Taming of the Shrew,' closely, though a great deal has necessarily been cut out, and a few personages have been added. 'Katherina' consists of three acts and four tableaux, and a great number of songs are scattered throughout. 'Katherina' and I have had some strange experiences," he added meditatively. "Both the music and libretto delighted Sir Augustus Harris; but that was last year, and all his arrangements were concluded. I should like the opera to be produced in London, the more so that in Paris Coquelin, with his 'Mégère Apprivoisée' made it difficult for anyone to essay within a short period another version of 'The Taming of the Shrew.'"

"And have you abandoned popular song writing?"

"Yes, for some time. I do not care to provide the sort of fare now desired by the *café-chantant* public. I must set my music to fine, noble, or at least witty words. Should anything inspire me, I may yet again compose a patriotic song; but just now I am absorbed in more serious music. By-the-way, I should like to tell you that I am the first musician who ever essayed to introduce lecturing into pianoforte recitals. I am intensely interested in the practical teaching of harmony, and have lately brought out a simplified method of teaching the piano, entitled 'Méthodes Réunies,' which will, I claim, teach the rudiments of music to any intelligent adult in an incredibly short time."

"You must find it difficult to get through so much work in the bustle of Paris life?"

"Work is not only my first thought, it is my first pleasure," he answered quickly. "My happiest hours are spent at my desk and my piano. I am looking forward to make a sojourn next spring in London. The English are an intensely musical people, and nowhere can you hear such splendid performances as in England, where people possess both the taste and money—a rare combination—to do things as they ought to be done"; and with this cheering reflection M. Ben Tayoux ended our chat.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Many thousand admirers and friends visited the lying-in-state of Gounod, which took place at the house in the Place Malesherbes during three days. The day of the funeral dawned with bright sunshine, and the spectacle of the various troops, the 5th and 28th of the Line, and the 2nd Cuirassiers, aided by a squadron of the brilliant Gardes Municipaux, will not easily be forgotten by the enormous crowd assembled to do a last honour to the great composer. The house of mourning was profusely decorated with black and silver, while over the principal entrance were two escutcheons, on which were inscribed "Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," "Mireille." The crosses and wreaths sent were magnificent, including one from the Queen, on which was written in Her Majesty's own hand: "En témoignage d'admiration pour le grand compositeur, de la part de la Reine de la Grande Bretagne et de l'Irlande." Madame Patti sent a superb harp in tea-roses and violets, with the inscription, "To my illustrious master and friend." After an imposing ceremony at the Madeleine the cortège proceeded to the cemetery at Auteuil, where the coffin was placed in the family vault.

The death is announced of M. Karl Bodmer, the well-known landscape painter, a great light of the Barbizon school, at the advanced age of eighty-six. Born at Zurich, he became a naturalised Frenchman on arriving at the years of discretion, and in 1834 accompanied Prince Maximilian Wied, uncle of the present Queen of Roumania, on a tour through North America. His best known picture is his "Forest of Fontainebleau," now in the Luxembourg.

The Preparatory Committee of the Paris Exhibition of 1900 has already commenced to hold meetings, and has, so far, decided that the Exhibition shall be held at the Trocadéro, the Champ de Mars, and the Esplanade des Invalides, to which will, perhaps, be added part of the Tuileries Gardens and that part of the Champs Elysées between the Avenue d'Antin and the Seine. Also, it has been unanimously carried that the Exhibition shall be opened at night.

Madame Bob Walter, the graceful serpentine dancer and the beloved of all Paris, has determined to bring out something quite *chic* and novel, a rehearsal of which was given recently at her house in the Rue Dumont-D'Urville to the Press and a few favoured friends. This performance consists of a huge cage, in which the *danseuse* gyrates, surrounded by four huge lions, who, fortunately, have a *dompteur* in attendance, who is known as "M. Georges Marck." It appears, however, that he is *Pézon fils*. This is sure to draw everybody to Olympia, as there is nothing a Parisian audience love so much as something with a good spice of danger in it. At the Folies-Bergère the nightly attendance is enormous to see the Baronne de Rahden on her wonderful horse, who makes the tour of the stage on his hind legs only, the rest of his body straight in the air, and looking as though he will fall backward every second with his rider.

A French contemporary has been waxing very merry over a supposed meeting of English ladies in Paris to try and modify "*décolletage*." He suggests that they should rather turn their attention to their boots and shoes, which he declares are execrable, and adds that if one has the misfortune to sit opposite *une Anglaise* in a carriage one is obliged to put one's feet on hers, as there is no room left anywhere else.

The steam yacht *Roxana*, belonging to Prince George Romanowsky, has left Paris, where she has been lying some time, for Marseilles, by way of the canals. The crew consists of two officers and twenty sailors. The yacht was built at Nantes, and is 37 mètres in length.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has raised the prices of the seats in her theatre, the Renaissance, which opens shortly. Much dissatisfaction is expressed everywhere at this, but I think that Sarah knows what she is about, and that the public will willingly pay two or three francs more to go and enjoy the acting of one who has been so little seen and so much missed of late years in Paris.

The ex-manager of the English Club, M. Henri Bertrand, has been arrested on a charge of forgery. He is accused of having extorted large sums of money from M. Guy de Marcilly by means of a fraudulent document. When the lawyer, M. Caillier, of Blois, who drew this up, was wanted, they found that he had committed suicide. M. Bertrand began as stud-groom to one of the Barons Rothschild, and has acquired a very large fortune. His brother Léon is the manager of the Cercle Washington, and another brother is reported to have become very rich by bookmaking.

It is interesting to know what a financial success Massenet's opera "Manon" has been, Madame Heilbronn and Mdlle. Sibyl Sanderson being the only two who have taken the title-rôle. The receipts for 200 representations are 1,164,534 francs. This is only in Paris; it has been played by Marie Roze in Holland, and in Austria by Mdlle. Renard.

A general raid is being made against betting clubs by the police, aided by a new regulation. Every day some establishment or other of this kind is shut, much to the public good. The action of the police has come none too soon in respect to many of these establishments, which have long been a scandal.

MIMOSA.



Capt. Cooky gains a Victory



Raiding the Clubs

Villadobros

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

MISS ALICE GILBERT IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Miss Alice Gilbert, who may nightly be seen dancing the tarantella at the Lyric Theatre in "Little Christopher Columbus," is one of the brightest and most light-footed *danseuses* now performing in London. She made her début when only seven years old at Hengler's Circus, and even as a tiny child she seemed the embodiment of motion and grace, dancing equally well, with scarce any tuition, clog dances, hornpipes, the classic ballet, and the more stately figure gavottes and minuets.

Her first appearance in a theatre took place at Glasgow, where she played the part of the Little Fairy Queen in the pantomime of "Bo-Peep." The following year she took the title-rôle in "Cinderella" at Newcastle, and at Liverpool her Sister Anne, played to J. L. Shine's Blue Beard, created a sensation which is remembered there to this day. In London she was equally successful; *habitués* of the Gaiety will remember her in "Carmen Up To Date" as one of the dancers in the popular "Pas de Quatre," and in "Cinder-Ellen" at the same theatre she took part in the "Widows' Dance."

As one of the Gaiety Continental Company she starred through Germany and Belgium in Miss Letty Lind's rôles, and shortly after she accepted an offer made her by Mr. Kiralfy to go to America, and take part in his great production of "Antiope," copied from the Alhambra pantomime. Including Miss Gilbert, there were but five English comedians in the company, and they all seem to have enjoyed their Transatlantic experiences exceedingly, with the exception of the perpetual travelling. Miss Gilbert still recalls with a shudder the "three-night stands," which signifies in Yankee stage parlance three days' stay in each town, with a long railway journey between each short run.

Miss Gilbert is an adept at every kind of skirt and serpentine dancing, but disdains any artificial aid to grace, and prefers to dance in a short, full skirt, relying on her own lightness and flexibility to produce the desired effect. She hopes soon to have a chance of showing London audiences that she can sing and act as well as dance. During her Continental and American tours her vivacious *jeux de scène* were favourably noticed; her voice is clear and tuneful both in singing and speaking, and she has made a real study of elocution. But just now dancing is at a premium in the profession, and light fantastic toes are more in request than good vocal chords and clear enunciation.



SMALL TALK.

People are flocking back to town, and sportsmen are again politicians. The white light once more shines over London from the summit of the Clock Tower at Westminster, and the season is now in full swing. In the November number of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. Richard Harding Davis continues the results of his visit to England "to spy out the land." He deals brightly, and, for the most part, accurately, with London in the season. The colour, so absent from a crowd in America, delighted Mr. Davis in his survey of the vast procession of life visible any day in the Metropolis. He is a little in error in his remarks on the ways of the House of Commons and its members; but, then, not many English writers could be thoroughly accurate on such a theme. Mr. Davis, like so many Americans, loves his London, and is always delighted with "the joy of eventful living," as Emerson once phrased it, in the great capital.

Recently there was an interesting "function" at the house of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the popular and charming authoress. Invitations were issued to a small number of *littérateurs* and critics to hear a comic opera by M. Ben Tayoux. The composer is a French musician, I believe

Seeing that there seems a move back to comic opera of the older and better order, it might be worth the while of some manager to consider a work complete and ready in all respects for producing. One curious little incident of the performance arose from the presence of the terrible "G. B. S.," whose mind was occupied by thoughts of the Fabian manifesto rather than M. Ben Tayoux's music. Finding beside him the editor of a Conservative evening paper, he caught his eye, beckoned mysteriously, and the two stole out of the room as stealthily as Fenimore Cooper's redskins on the war-path. Then they walked up and down the passage with a sound of suppressed creaking, while they conspired against the Queen's peace, and turned up at the end of each act trying to look as if they had heard every note of the music.

"A Gaiety Girl" has attracted so many admirers in the Metropolis that, like some female Alexander, she sighs for new worlds and new mashers to conquer, and towards the end of the year she will start for South Africa. The excellent company that are to give the South Africans a good many tastes of their quality in the Prince of Wales's success will, I believe, be under the experienced care of Mr. Levenston, who, with his wife, Miss Marie Tempest's sister,



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IN THE PARK AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.

of Oriental extraction, who has great popularity in Paris on account of his many successful songs. He began by asking in French that had an accent of the south, of the land of roses and garlic, whether we all understood French. Of course we all tried to look as if we did, since every civilized Englishman is supposed to be well acquainted with the Bible and the Gallic tongue. Then he mentioned that he had written an *opéra-bouffe* on the subject of "The Taming of the Shrew," or, rather, "La Mégère Apprivoisée," in which the French say Madame Brandes is better than Miss Rehan. The musical critics looked at one another and murmured "Hermann Götz" and "Minnie Hauk." The plot was explained and commented upon, somewhat superfluously, before the composer got to the music. This he performed on a Steinway grand, while he sang everything, from choruses of young maidens to tenor ballads, except, however, the soprano music.

For the soprano solos he had the able assistance of Miss Cassano, who sang in good style, with a strong, flexible voice, proving herself to be an artiste of real value, though it appeared to me she has a wrong method of shaking and produces a false tone. However, if she goes on the stage hardly any of our comic opera singers can stand against her. Mr. Ben Tayoux's work, despite his assurance to the contrary, is *opéra-comique* as pretentious, but not as painful, as "Martha," but, in order to "bouffe" it, he has introduced some melodies that made me think I should have to give a sou after each number to the artiste, as one does at a *café-concert*. At times his music has a genuine dramatic ring, and throughout there is a flow of simple melody such as the B.P. loves.

will be absent from England for about six months. Cape Town, Maritzburg, Johannesburg, and the other principal South African towns will be visited, and "Don Juan" will be played as well as "A Gaiety Girl." If only the company could have started earlier, and arranged for a performance or so at Buluwayo, Lobengula might have been conquered without bloodshed; certainly he could never have resisted Arthur Roberts had that delightful comedian been persuaded to take "the lead" of the invading force.

Apropos of "Michael Field's" "A Question of Memory," I note in the Boston *Globe* a very curious story, all the more interesting since it also deals with a military case. A smart young cavalry officer was recently exercising his regiment upon the drill-ground, when the familiar words of command suddenly slipped from his mind, and the strenuous effort made to recall them was utterly futile. In order to cover his embarrassment he was compelled to retire from command under the plea of illness. The fugitive sentence came to him when he reached his rooms. A still more singular case is that of a well-known and esteemed merchant, whose memory so treacherously failed him one morning after leaving home that he was totally unable to locate his offices, and was actually compelled to inquire as to their whereabouts.

Miss Anna Zetterberg, an interview with whom appeared last week in *The Sketch*, received her artistic education at the Conservatoire of the Royal Theatre, Stockholm. Her sister never appeared on the stage.

Though lovely woman has long since rallied under the banner of "No stitchery," her admiration for needlework seems to have increased in proportion to her neglect of the needle. Especially is she given to kneeling in rows before that which is well stricken in years, and as regards those specimens now on exhibition at Howell and James's the adoration is justified. Covetousness is a sin, but the way of righteousness is hard in the presence of those Salamanca coverlets, over whose linen ground the suave lines of flower garlands are worked in pale silks. There are, also, a few altar frontals, marvels of skill and infinite patience, that were once, beyond a doubt, the glory of some Italian oratory, and sold at last to bring grist to the ecclesiastical mill. More curious than beautiful is the Ragusa work, executed on a foundation of open net. The white Persian tea-cloths, again, are exquisite, sewn and patterned with so many stitches that it wearies one only to think of them. Two Italian valances arrest the attention, from the rare elegance of the design of birds and roses that winds its graceful way along their length. Age has somewhat mellowed the rich silks which these embroiderers of old embellished, but time only serves to emphasise the beauty of design and workmanship, not to be matched in our day. A tablecloth of Manilla origin shows the influence of Japanese art, as the Anatolian specimens, bold in design and vivid in colour, bear a close affinity to Persian productions. Piles of short lengths of brocade are displayed for the special temptation of the suburban resident. Fragments of gorgeous mediæval stuff, perchance from the boudoir of some fair Venetian, lie beside sections of a mandarin's robe or the portion of a Spanish priest's vestments. A common, almost ignoble, end awaits them—"to sleep, perchance to dream," in the humble capacity of piano back or chair cushion in the drawing-rooms of Kensington or Bayswater.

Sir Christopher Teesdale, who has just passed away at the comparatively early age of sixty, was a Sussex man, and was, I believe, born at Bognor, near which quaint and quiet little watering-place he has died. "Kit" Teesdale, as he was called by his intimates, entered the Army when in his teens, and his name will always be associated with the Crimean campaign, bracketed with that of the heroic defender of Kars, General Sir William Fenwick Williams. For more than a year the gallant Williams held Kars, for the latter part of that period against 50,000 Russians, and through the whole of that memorable siege "Kit" Teesdale was with him. It was during the conversation that took place in the Russian camp, when Williams, compelled at last to surrender the starving city, went with his staff to arrange terms with the chivalrous Mouravieff, that Teesdale's comrades learned how that gallant officer had leaped the Turkish breastworks under a deadly fire of grape and rifle-bullets, and rescued from marauding soldiers a wounded Russian officer. "This little episode," says Dr. Sandwith, who was also at Kars, "had been hitherto unknown to us, and we only learned it by one of the Russian officers recognising Teesdale."

But this was by no means the only daring deed performed by Teesdale. Again and again he inspired his men with a desperate courage born of his own utter disregard for danger, and on one occasion held a redoubt for more than seven hours under a very galling fire, receiving a terrible grape-shot wound in the leg. The Sultan recognised his extraordinary devotion and gallantry, and among his English honours was the coveted decoration of the Victoria Cross. In later years Sir Christopher won as great a popularity as a courtier as he had earned as a soldier, and when acting as equerry to the Prince of Wales he was for years well known as a constant and valued attendant on his Royal Highness. In the Jubilee year his K.C.M.G. was bestowed on him, and three years later he received the appointment of Master of Ceremonies to the Queen. Though less seen in public than during the thirty years or more that he filled the post of equerry to the Prince, Sir Christopher was as popular as ever in society, in which till recently he has been well enough to take his accustomed place. Genial and frank in manner, manly and soldierly in bearing, Sir Christopher was a favourite wherever he went, and in royal circles, in London clubs, and in many a town and country mansion "Kit" Teesdale must remain in the memory as an ideal of an English soldier and an English gentleman.

"The adumbration which, to all appearance, heralds the removal of Christ's Hospital into the country has, through a disagreeable casualty, assumed a sanguinolent hue." This is not, as some might suppose, from Old Moore or Zadkiel, but from a leader of a leading London daily, and refers to the unfortunate outbreak of scarlet fever and the unsatisfactory state of the sanitary arrangements of the ancient school in Newgate Street. At present the school is closed, and the report of Dr. S. Saunders seems to render it doubtful whether it will be re-opened. But, however "sanguinolent" an "adumbration" may be, it is hardly possible to obtain at short notice a building that will comfortably house the "yellow-stockinged and blue-skinned" scholars of Christ's Hospital. Eventually they are to be located near the quaint old Sussex town of Horsham—where, I believe, a site has already been purchased—but, no matter how much the authorities may bestir themselves, it must be many months before the new buildings are ready.

The Law Courts attendants—a valuable body of men, mostly old soldiers—give their smoking concert for the benefit of their charitable fund on Nov. 28, at St. Martin's Town Hall. It will be a good show. David Christie Murray will speak a piece, Templar Saxe will sing, and Charles Collette, Randall, Jack Radcliff, who will play on the flute,

Frederic Villiers, Melton Prior, and possibly Herbert Ward, who promised last year, will be there. The chair will be taken by Francis Stringer, of the Law Courts, the principal author of "Annual Practice," a brilliant official and able writer on the law. No one is better known throughout the legal profession, or more respected. He is a good-looking man of about five feet ten, with dark hair and eyes. Apart from the Law Courts and the law, he is an excellent landscape painter, a good boxer, and is well known on the river. Arthur T. Pask takes the vice-chair.

My sincere congratulations to Miss Estelle Burney and to her brother, Mr. Arthur Benham, inasmuch as that the comedy collaborated more or less between them during the summer holidays among the wolds of



Photo by Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS ESTELLE BURNEY.

Yorkshire, "far from the madding crowd," has just been accepted by Mr. Charles Wyndham, and, moreover, has been placed by him second on his list of forthcoming productions. It is no little honour to the talents of Mr. Benham that this good fortune should have come to him before he has reached his twenty-third year. His previous efforts as a dramatic author are now about to receive, it is to be hoped, the reward due to his patient industry and original thought. It is enough for the present that the play has been born and adopted; the christening is comparatively and literally a minor affair. In his prospective success I am sure Mr. Benham would be foremost in acknowledging considerable assistance from his

sister's encouragement and *verve*. Miss Burney was trained at the Paris Conservatoire, under M. Got, in whose opinion she might have taken a position on the Parisian stage; nothing, however, but the Théâtre Français satisfied her ambition, and her slight English accent not unnaturally closed the portal of that classic temple to her. However, the fire of dramatic genius—no hyperbolic expression—in her has on various occasions brightened the London stage.

Miss Burney's novitiate was passed under Mr. Frank Benson's management, on tour. She afterwards distinguished herself as "a new Juliet," as phrased by a leading dramatic critic, when she played Jeanne in "Serge Panine" at the Avenue, a part which fully displayed in the moving love scene "the power and passion of emotion which few English actresses either know or give." To Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in her part in "The Trumpet Call," Miss Estelle Burney was most favourably compared; while the strength of her ambition may be gauged by the fact that she essayed the title-rôle in "Margaret Byng," which, on the authority of Mrs. Bernard Beere and others, was relegated to the number of impossible parts. Her Rebecca West will be remembered by those who saw Austin Fryers' "Beata" as a "marvellous" character study, "illustrative of the coldest, bitterest hatred of which woman can on occasions be possessed." And these successes were so signal that one can afford to refer to her portrayal of Margot in "The County," written by her brother and played at Terry's, and to her personation of the heroine in "The Awakening" (also the product of her brother's pen) at the Garrick, as also to the part of Dorothy in "David," at the same theatre. As the best rider is the one who knows how to fall, so the most hopeful artiste is she who frankly acknowledges her failures.

One of the supreme difficulties people have to encounter who go trekking up country to assist their friends in Mashonaland in the present struggle is the locomotion question. Oxen are slow, and unsafe for that reason in the present disturbed state of things, when every mile bristles with a hundred dangers, and horses are sure victims to the tsetse fly, which, even in winter, swarms to their vicinity. I remember a friend who returned about a month since from Manicaland telling me that when Mr. Cecil Rhodes went up to the interior about a year ago he used up seven horses on the journey, which means that relays were provided for him at intervals, and it only took a few days in each case for the fly to kill off his mounts. The bite does not affect men.

We published in *The Sketch* of Oct. 18 a page of pictures dealing with a cab incident, being quite unaware that they were identically the same in the idea, and exceedingly similar in the mode of treatment in the drawing, to a series of pictures which appeared in *Scraps* of Oct. 29, 1892. We beg to apologise to the proprietor of *Scraps* for having published the pictures.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

I have often thought that it would be an amusing pastime to start, not a *Review of Reviews*, but a *Review of Reviewers*, a critical journal dealing with critics. It really would not matter what the object criticised by the critics might be—a new novel, a theological work, a play, a concert, a picture gallery; equal amusement might be derived from the variations of opinion, from the eccentricities of style, from the deviations from grammar. A novelist whose work has been slashed about by some young lion of the Press in the most vigorous journalese may experience even now a returning glow of self-complacency on noticing that his critic writes “different to” and spells “sphinx” with a “y.” If he be a wise man he will be content with his own satisfaction, nor seek to convict a literary critic of illiteracy, for such disputes weary the public. But it would be pleasant if, as a companion to the collection of criticisms of any book or performance generally noticed, there could be an essay on the criticisms by the author or artist, to be published by some recognised organ.

What a healing influence such an opportunity must exercise on “exacerbated” feelings!—I thank thee, Journalism, for teaching me that word. It would also enable an author or artist to rebut unjust misunderstandings of his work and its purpose. And the fact of there being a sort of official opportunity for the review of verdicts would render them more careful and more just. The good workman badly treated would be able to make the public see that he knew more of his subject than his adverse critics; the incompetent would rush into print and write himself down an ass, thereby justifying the slashing articles penned against him. Thus author and critics would alike be benefited.

For instance, suppose that a melodrama had been produced, and criticised, according to their respective manners, by the various judges of the Press. Then the Reviewer of Reviewers would write his study of the notices somewhat as follows—

“Mr. A’s criticism shows considerable merit as a literary composition. He has set one aim before him and followed it out consistently—this is the defence of the conventional as against the realistic. Whether he actually believes in his own theory to the full extent may reasonably be doubted, but the illusion he produces is for the moment perfect. The only defect to be observed in his writing is a slight lack of precision in the use of words, and this is probably due to haste.

“Mr. B, on the contrary, attacks his problem and the piece from the opposite standpoint. He cannot forgive the melodrama for not being something else. Hence his theories occupy the greater part of his notice, and only at the close does he find time to make a casual remark about the play he witnessed. Now, this is surely cheating the public of what they may reasonably demand. Mr. B should print his theories separately, and publish them every quarter or so, to prevent others from forgetting them. Then he might devote some space to giving some idea of something he has seen. A hungry public does not want to be told that the boiled mutton of melodrama is inferior to the “high” venison of the Norwegian elk. It wants to know what the boiled mutton is like as mutton.

“Mr. C has spared us his algebra, for which we are duly thankful; but he gives as much as before of his ‘personal equation.’ Reminiscences and literary anecdotes and abstruse learning and introspection are very well in their way; but in Mr. C’s case they form a recurring series, the sum of which to *n* terms is strictly limited in value, if not in extent. This meritorious critic should keep himself for rare occasions, as the others should keep their theories. After the second criticism of his that we read we felt that we knew all about him, and after the whole series that we knew very little about anything else.”

Possibly the author of a play or book might be more severe in his comments. I have presupposed that he has been favourably treated by his critics, and would, therefore, not care to be too hard on their little failings; but among the smaller fry he might rage unchecked, as a slashing reviewer will sometimes slaughter a batch of minor poets. The *Little Pedlington Herald* critic would be left writhing in the ruins of his own grammar, and the young man of the *Eatonswill Independent* would lose his reputation when it was proved that he thought that “Macbeth” was an epic poem.

However, perhaps it is best for the author and dramatist to let his critics alone. Neither John Keats nor anyone else was ever really “killed off by one critique.” Everything is so soon forgotten in our rush of modern life. But yesterday the savage critic mangled your piece; to-day he will be writing a curtain-raiser for your next. In the world of art there should be no enduring enmities, artistic or personal. Every friend is a possible enemy, every enemy a possible friend. It is of no use

carrying the mimic warfare of the pen into real life. I have criticised others and been criticised, have spoken ill and well, and been well and ill spoken of. Nobody is a penny the worse, and, indeed, such of us as were paid for our contributions are many pence the better. Wherefore, let us be at peace, though critics rage and reviewers imagine a vain thing. A week, and how all is forgotten! MARMITON.

THE GOLIATH BEETLE.

If Holmes’s “Scarabee”—who had come to look wonderfully like the beetles by being so much among them—were in London now, it is pretty certain that he would spend a good deal of his leisure time in the Insect House at the Zoological Gardens in the study of the first living example of the Goliath beetle (*Goliathus druryi*) ever brought to this country. “Specimens” galore—dried and with pins through them—exist in public and private collections, and prices rule much lower than they did, for Westwood, writing in 1837, told of a naturalist in Oxford Street who had just then received a very fine and recent specimen, and demanded no less than £50 for it. Our illustration shows this



gigantic insect the size of life, and very nearly in its natural colours, except that the white should be of a creamy tint and the black of a velvety texture, due to the presence of a sort of down of an extreme thinness, which very easily comes off. These beetles, the largest of the order, are found on the Gold Coast, whence, of late years, hundreds of specimens have been sent to Europe by collectors. Despite the formidable appearance of the head, with its horn-like projections, and the fact that the lower jaws bear teeth, the Goliath beetles are exclusively vegetarian in diet, and feed on the juices of flowers and the sap of trees. It is said that they are shot with guns loaded with sand, and that in some cases the trees on which they are feeding are felled to enable the natives to catch them. This last account may be true, though it omits all consideration of the fact that beetles have wings. If it be true, the reason for it is probably to be found in the fact that, while trees are plenty, Goliath beetles are scarce and hard to come by, and that collectors are willing to pay a price for them which to an African negro must be a little fortune. When this beetle arrived here in July last its owner experienced a good deal of difficulty in providing a proper diet for it. Tea, cocoa, custard, rice pudding, honey, grapes, bananas, the juice of stewed fruit, apples cooked and uncooked, plums, pears, and vegetable marrow were tried, but melon was found to afford it the greatest amount of satisfaction. Now that a suitable diet has been provided, the Goliath beetle will probably settle down in its new surroundings. No inmate of the Insect House has ever aroused such general interest, and it is to be hoped that it will prove an attraction for a long time to come.

H. S.

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a revelation to the managers fortunate enough to secure her services. Her sound musical education enabled her to meet the demands on her vocal powers with perfect ease. In her burlesques and pantomimes her success has been progressively phenomenal, if the expression may be used, and her advances culminated, for the present, in Mr. Chute's pantomime at Bristol last Christmas. Miss Montrose played Maid Marion in "The Babes in the Wood." She instantly became the rage of the season. Aristocratic and frigid Clifton was surprised into more than languid approval. Bristol paid her the homage of boisterous applause and a thumping majority in a *plébiscite*. On the concluding night of the pantomime a charming and curious scene was enacted. Miss Montrose, who had already received her full share of sprays, bouquets, and baskets, suddenly found herself the centre of a cascade of violet posies—"with a declaration in every petal"—a sort of paroxysmal farewell offering from the stalls.

As a burlesque actress Miss Montrose's reputation was thenceforth assured. She was "in demand," and out of the numerous offers for next Christmas she accepted that of Sir Augustus Harris to play Cinderella at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. As a general rule, the Tyne Theatre, is the vestibule to Drury Lane, and, unless Sir Augustus Harris is out-maneuvred by some more astute and up-to-date manager, Miss Montrose should soon return to the scene of her earliest efforts.

It would be next to impossible to write an article on "Miss Marie Montrose at Home." She very seldom is, strictly speaking, "at home" in town. She is tirelessly zig-zagging all over the country, making new friends wherever she goes. She has to be caught on the wing, as it were; but when she is at home at "No. 9" she shows her visitors, with pardonable pride, a collection of trophies really remarkable for one so young. Her own brightly appointed room, on the right of the entrance hall, is a miniature portrait gallery. Photographs of all shapes and sizes, from a magnificent enlargement of herself as Maid Marion (reproduced) to the ordinary *carte*, are ranged round the apartment in frames of many devices and colours. They are mainly the portraits of personal friends, hailing from all nooks and corners of the three kingdoms. On these she sets the highest value, and the inscriptions on some of the *cartes* would furnish Mr. Frederick Greenwood with many new and unfamiliar words and phrases for his "Lovers' Lexicon." Yet, though she is the centre of a whirlpool of admiration, "the Merry Marie" remains absolutely heart-free.

But there are two Miss Marie Montroses. There is the one on the stage, all dash and sparkle, and there is the one in private life—demure, self-possessed, and prettily deprecatory when allusion is made to her own accomplishments. Those who have seen the one would have some difficulty in recognising the other. The Marie Montrose seen through the glamour of the footlights is a fair-haired fairy, attired, as a rule, in "baby frocks," with a saucy hat set at a saucy angle, and brimming over with merriment and mischief. The Marie Montrose of private life is dark as night, sweetly pretty, clever and quick-witted, but unobtrusive in demeanour and in dress, and *petite* as to figure. She plays the banjo well, and the piano better. Her voice is a cultivated and "velvety" soprano, and her *technique* is excellent. Her skirt dances are revelations in terpsichorean grace and daintiness—they seem to be improvised rather than in accordance with severely scientific rules—and the *tout ensemble* is wholly refined and fascinating. If Miss Marie Montrose persists in her allegiance to burlesque, she will assuredly be one of the prettiest and most charming attendants that the "sacred lamp" has had. But women are fickle, and she may yet return to her early love, and bring joy to the hearts of those who delight greatly in comic opera.

TO ANDREW LANG.

Dear Andrew Lang, these twenty years
I've read whate'er you chose to write;
You drew my laughter and my tears,
You pleased my taste with grave or light.
I've read whate'er you chose to write,
Golf, Homer, folklore, fish, ballades—
So well you met the critic spite,
So deftly turn'd its fierce tirades.
Golf, Homer, folklore, fish, ballades,
Mahatmas and ancestral apes,
Queen Mary and her escapades—
I know them each in twenty shapes.
Mahatmas and ancestral apes—
In fifty magazines and books,
I've read your solar myths, your japes
Of ghosts, of fairies, and of spooks.
In fifty magazines and books—
Yet, even Andrew Lang can bore!
Month after month your angle hooks
Some fish you often caught before.
Yet, even Andrew Lang can bore—
Of spooks I've had my *quantum suff.*;
Your solar myths I'll read no more,
Ohè, jam satis—hold, enough!
Of spooks I've had my *quantum suff.*,
For Auld Lang Syne, revise the score,
Lest all your friends cry, "Hold, enough!"
And Gossip Andrew charm no more.

L. S.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Acorns as
Animal Food.*

We hear on many sides of cases of cattle and sheep "poisoning" from acorns. The abundance and size of these berries is this year so phenomenal that it seems almost impossible to prevent this *contretemps*. It is not strictly accurate, by-the-way, to speak of it as poisoning. The acorn is not a poisonous berry; but it does contain a very large amount of the essential principle known as tannic acid or as tannin. This is a powerful astringent, valuable to the tanner, but dangerous when taken in large quantities by cattle and sheep. The pig seems better able to assimilate it. But I want here to call attention to a fact that does not seem to be as well known as it deserves to be—namely, that pheasants are extremely fond of acorns, and thrive upon them admirably. This is often not without its drawbacks, for in those counties where oaks abound pheasants may soon exhaust the supply that lies around them and wander far afield, so that the owner of small coverts has always before him the unfortunate choice of shooting his birds too early or of waking up some morning to find that, following the acorn down the straggling spinneys and double hedgerows, they have gained the big woods of his neighbour and are lost to himself for good.

*Useful
for Pheasants.*

But surely there is a wrinkle here for somebody. To begin with, the food bill, always a serious matter where pheasants are reared, may be considerably reduced by a judicious mixture of acorn food with the meal, corn, and maize that usually form its leading items. And, again, there are in this country and in Scotland large districts where the oak does not grow. In the hollow beech-woods of Bucks, for example, and in the fir-woods of northern hillsides, it is always a difficult matter to keep pheasants together. It is well known that pheasants trained up on raisins become so exceedingly fond of them that they will "go anywhere for them," as it is said. And so it was at one time the practice of the knowing ones to feed in the coverts with raisins. But, alas! two could play at that game. The poacher was found as knowing as the preserver. He could draw every pheasant into his nets or nooses by simply laying a few raisins along the runs. So that plan had to be dropped, for the poacher could get raisins at any village shop. The moral is obvious—try acorns. They will keep pretty well in the dry, and this year they are cheap enough. A truck-load would cost but little, and a judicious use of them would probably do more to keep pheasants in the hollow woods than all the other devices put together.

*Ferrets'
Diseases.*

I see they are discussing in the country papers the causes and the cures for complaints among ferrets. As one who has had a long experience in ferret-keeping and is particularly fond of this creature, may I say this: if ferrets are properly looked after, no complaint need be dreaded except distemper. Now, in spite of what I have lately read, I am quite certain in my own mind that all such cases are directly the result of contagion or infection. Out of all the cases with which I have met, I have never known one that careful inquiry failed to show to be traceable to some such source as a borrowed ferret-bag or an ailing puppy. Once contracted, distemper will decimate your stock with astonishing rapidity. Sixteen deaths out of seventeen ferrets was the last record that came under my notice, and the survivor was a wild-caught polecat. I have never met with any so-called cure that proved to be of the slightest use. The only safety lies in prevention. There is, indeed, one form of illness to which ferrets are occasionally liable, and which is hard to trace to any cause. I refer to blindness. A wild-caught polecat is often attacked in this way, tame ferrets seldom. Of all the other complaints—e.g., canker in the feet, mange, liver-enlargement—I feel quite certain all can be avoided by proper management.

*How to Keep
Ferrets.*

The three essentials of success in ferret-keeping are dryness, cleanliness, and fresh food. Whatever the outer run of their home is like, they must have a dry bed, kept fresh and well shaken out. Ferrets have an annoying way of carrying all their food into their sleeping-place. This can be met to a great extent by fastening the meat to the bars. It is most important that no stale food should ever be allowed to remain within their reach. Finally—and this is a point almost always forgotten—ferrets are thirsty creatures, and should have fresh water constantly at hand. Nothing could well be worse than the wretched little hutches in which ferrets are commonly kept. By far the best plan is to confine them in a large open yard with one end roofed in. Under this place a sloping bench, and on it stand floorless boxes for their sleeping-places. These can then be removed each morning and the bench scrubbed down. In the yard should stand a bath of fresh water, in which they will delight to plunge and swim. This may be news to many persons, but ferrets, after all, are very much like the wild polecat in their ways, and polecats take readily to the water. Kept in this way (I speak from experience) ferrets will be far better than the unreliable, snappish drudges they so often are; they will be most amusing and interesting pets. The more they are handled the quieter and more trustworthy will they be found to be.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

At the Institute of Painters in Oils, Mr. John Collier, if not the most distinguished exhibitor, is, at least, the exhibitor of the most striking pictures there. He contributes two paintings to its walls, one "The Witch," a recumbent female playing with a dog, and a portrait, "Isaac Wilson, Esq." It is now some years since Mr. Collier exhibited his amazingly striking likeness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and the power which produced that strong and rather unsympathetic picture is no less vivid to-day.

Mr. Collier's portraits, as exemplified in the portrait under consideration, have no mystery or concealment about them. As you see yourself in a looking-glass with the full light of day shining upon your face, so

certainly not advise him to exchange for the strife after any other thing, one must reluctantly acknowledge that it is not the power of real greatness or of anything save admirable strength.

To return to the Institute: Mr. Fantin-Latour's flowers are in every way charming, particularly for their colour and graceful arrangement: and Mr. Melton Fisher's "La Penserosa" is a singularly clever and captivating picture. We are not sure that Mr. Melton Fisher's art has altogether improved since those days, some five years ago, when his Venetian *cafés* and their gay visitors seemed to come straight from some morning fount of freshness. He has developed, in set seriousness, a somewhat melodramatic mood and a somewhat unaccountable passion



BESSIE.—WILLIAM GILL.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Photographic Society of Great Britain.

you see the likeness of this or of that man looking at you from the canvas. His mastery over characteristic expression and likeness is nothing short of marvellous; but he never leaves you wondering or thoughtful. His faces have no secrets; they look at you, you look at them, and the communication there ends.

As an instructive comment upon this kind of work, it is well worth while to pay a subsequent visit to the Rembrandt room of the National Gallery and correct one's impression of Mr. Collier's admirable work by a study of, say, "A Jewish Rabbi." A mere portrait, doubtless; but a portrait which is never finished telling you its secrets. It is ever mysterious, ever vaguely and privately overwhelming in its retreat and solemnity, ever looking, looking out of unforgettable eyes.

But you forget Mr. Collier's portraits as you forget men's faces. We very readily confess that this artist has an extraordinary vitality, a brusqueness and a living power that take the faculties captive; but, despite that power, which is certainly his own, and which we would

for too emphatic contrast. Nevertheless, he cannot choose but be clever, and the present condition of his art proves that fact with interest.

Of the landscape which the Institute has this year brought forth, it may be observed that its numerousness is not to be taken as a test of its quality. Nevertheless, here and there among the bones of superficiality the real flesh and blood of art is made apparent. Notable among these appears the work of Mr. Aumonier and Mr. Peppercorn; we should add, with Mr. Stevenson, that of Mr. Leslie Thomson. Mr. Peppercorn is admirable. Of old one used to look upon his pictures and wonder, despite their beauty—as one has wondered before a fair face—if it was all his own. It seemed like lovely second-hand work. Now he persuades us of his individual charm and delightfulness. He has, indeed, trodden gently, seeing "a spirit in the woods."

Mr. Arthur Tomson will shortly exhibit, at the Dutch Gallery, in Brook Street, a collection of pictures, chiefly cats. There will be, however, some landscape in the collection, a fact over which we most

heartily rejoice. Admirable as Mr. Tomson's sympathy with the artistic cat is, and accomplished as is his skill in handling that graceful and tender subject, he has also done work so good in landscape that we should be sorry to miss an opportunity of making further acquaintance with it.

If we are not quite of the opinion of the Chairman of the Governors of the Manchester Institution in regard to the work of the late Madox Brown, we can certainly afford to be grieved that his frescoes at

as a burying-place of the dead, is energetic, pointed, and vigorous. The only sad thing about such an attitude is that he will not be likely to have the smallest influence in restraining the hand of the restorer. That keeps "no man knows what trysts with Time."

And on the subject of cathedrals and other architecture and their gradual evolution it is interesting to note that Mr. Loftie, in his forthcoming volume on Wren and Inigo Jones, will make a gallant—let us not say a forlorn—attempt to get at the actual history of the designs by Jones for Whitehall. The subject is an interesting one, and affords ample scope to a careful and ingenious historian like Mr. Loftie for his peculiar talents. Another investigation upon which Mr. Loftie is engaged is to gain some knowledge of the different schemes planned by Wren until the final plan was developed which gave St. Paul's to London. The illustrations of Mr. Loftie's book will consist chiefly of plates already published, plates which will be to a great extent complemented by photographs.

In connection with this same subject of St. Paul's Cathedral—we doubt if Mr. Morris regards it with any enthusiasm, but let that pass—it is impossible to consider its complete state without some mental comparison with that other domed Cathedral of Rome which makes the approach to that city so notable an experience. Poets and others have uttered the praises of the Pantheon, yet we have a serious idea that the dome of St. Paul's, if less imposing and overwhelming, is more satisfactory and delightful. It has a spring, a grace of its own, which the larger erection entirely lacks, and it compensates by slender and organic beauty for that which the other gains by size and imposing magnificence.

The art critic of the *Daily Telegraph* has lately voiced a grievance which many have felt and some have expressed before. This is with regard to the arrangement of so many simultaneous private views. Recently, no less than five galleries invited attention of their contents on the same day, and, as the day is very short now for seeing pictures in a good light, it was impossible for the critics to do justice to these five exhibitions. The *Daily Telegraph* writer mentions the arrangement mutually arrived at by the managers of the London theatres to avoid



A STUDY.—W. H. GROVE.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Photographic Society of Great Britain.

Manchester are getting to be somewhat spoiled. Among other means which the excellent people of Manchester are taking to secure that they shall have no chance at the hands of either Time or man, Mr. Horsfall noted that he had observed a man at a crowded meeting "deliberately lean against the middle of one of the frescoes, and occasionally move to and fro," so that "if it had been his object to do the maximum amount of harm that man could not have taken a better course."

The grievance is ponderously put; still, there can be no doubt that it is a real grievance. But one would have thought that, seeing the recorded opinion of Mr. Horsfall that these works equalled the productions of Veronese and Tintoretto, some kind of railing might be provided to restrain the tendency of such as are desirous to use Madox Browns as a sort of scratching convenience. The Venetians would certainly have looked to it that their paintings by either Tintoretto or Veronese should not be cracked by the audiences of public oratory; and is a Manchester man better than a Venetian?

It is an excellent, if not exactly original idea, for the *Art Journal* to arrange for a series of articles on sculpture for the volume of next year. Mr. F. G. Stephens has written a paper on Woolner, which will be adorned by special illustrations. Lady Dilke has also written an article on Ernest Christophe, and Mr. Gosse, it is interesting to note, has prepared a paper on "The New Sculpture," although we confess that we were not aware of any particularly new movement in that divine art. We are aware that the art is somewhat at a discount, not that it has anything strikingly new about it. However, the article will be embellished by appropriate illustrations, so that enlightenment is not very far off.

Mr. William Morris has been setting his sword once more against the restorers of ancient architecture, and he does exceedingly well to begin with the restorers of Westminster Abbey. Against this machine-made work he lifts up his voice with dignity and effect; while his denouncement of the use of the interior, not as a cathedral for the living, but rather



A STUDY.—MISS CHARLOTTE ROCHE.

Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.

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THE DEBARKATION AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND BRIDGE ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY 1844.

A CHAT WITH THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

The Chief Magistrate of the City of London is, very properly, most "at home" in the City, especially when he is a member of a firm which has been identified with the same premises for about a century. It was,

therefore, not in his pretty house in Penywern Road, but in his business "den" at No. 17, Queenhithe, that I sought the Lord Mayor-elect, Alderman George Robert Tyler.

Anybody can live at Kensington, but it is not given to everybody to occupy half an acre of warehouses in the heart of the City, or to carry on business in a locality charged with memories which take one back from the days of Queen Victoria to those of Eleanor of Provence, wife of the second Henry, of whose pin-money the revenues of the Hithe formed part—presumably a small part, unless ladies were a good deal more economical in their ideas seven centuries ago than they are to-day; for, although, if two vessels came up the Thames together, one had to discharge at Billingsgate and one at Queenhithe, and if three, two went to Queenhithe and one to Billingsgate, the tolls were only worth about £15 a year.

Queenhithe is also associated with another Eleanor—of Castile, wife of Edward I., who, having taken a false oath, was handed down to posterity in the old ballad, which says—

If that upon so vile a thing
Her heart did ever think,
She wished the ground might open wide,
And therein she might sink.

With that at Charing Cross she sank
Into the ground alive,
And after rose to life again
In London at Queenhithe.

A SERGEANT IN THE QUEENHITHE
VOLUNTEERS, DISBANDED IN 1814.
From a Drawing by Rowlandson.

And to come nearer our own day, is it not also a tradition of the good old firm now represented by the Lord Mayor-elect and his partner, Mr. T. C. Venables, that from its warehouse was sent out, in the year

before the Accession of the Queen, the paper upon which were printed the original numbers of "The Pickwick Papers"—those wonderful green-covered "parts" which created a new school of English humour, and were published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who at that time occupied the premises afterwards to be known all the world over as "W. H. Smith and Sons," in the Strand?

The business of Messrs. Venables, Tyler, and Son dates back to the reign of Queen Anne, for it was established early in the eighteenth century, by William Venables, at Cookham. Another William Venables, grandson of the founder, and grandfather of Mr. T. C. Venables, established himself in Queenhithe in 1806, taking into partnership Mr. William Tyler and Mr. A. Wilson, and in 1821 he was elected Sheriff, and in 1825 Lord Mayor, as well as representing the City in Parliament.

The quaint carved mantelpieces in the old house still mark it out as one of the real bits of Old London, and the private office of the firm is full of relics of old and later stages of civic life.

Here, for instance, is a caricature of the old "Charlies"—probably by Robert Cruikshank—which chronicles the fact that Mr. Venables supported the proposal for the introduction of the new police, in spite of the unpopularity which it won for him among the old watchmen, and, after many consultations with Sir Robert Peel, carried it, and became first Chairman of the City Police; and there, a rare and valuable plate of a Queenhithe Ward Volunteer, by Rowlandson, representing a sergeant in that force, which was disbanded in 1814, after Leipsic had, it was hoped, broken the power of the Great Napoleon for ever—as it had been enrolled at the time when the marvellous little Corsican was sweeping Europe, when Napoleon Bonaparte was the British Bogey Man, and little children were taught to include in their evening prayers a petition that Boney might not come over in the night.

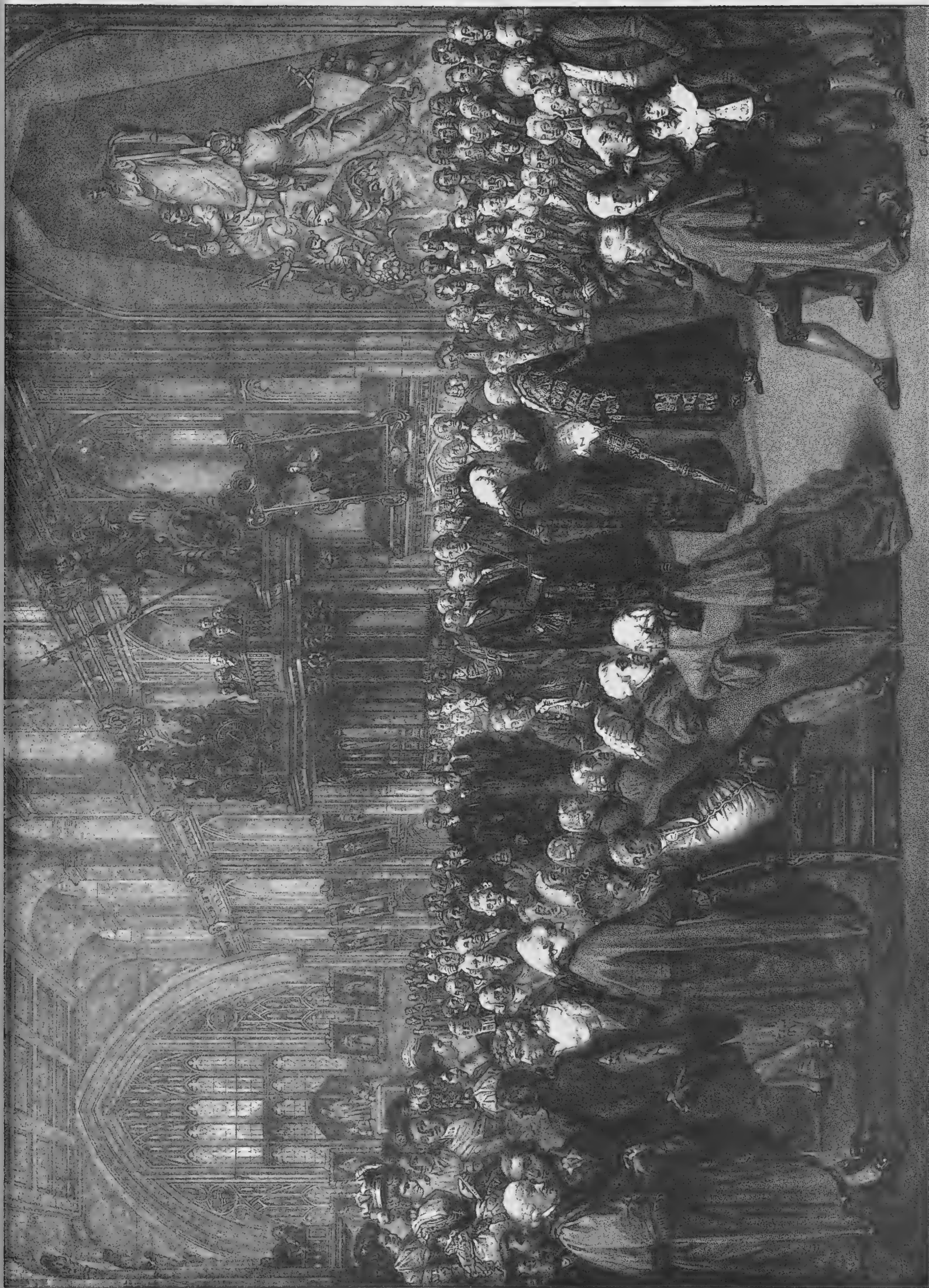
In another place is a souvenir of the Queen's Accession, during the mayoralty of the Right Hon. John Cowan, in the form of a bill of fare, printed in blue on white satin, the top half, for the Queen, headed "La Table Royale," and printed in French; the lower half, a "General Bill of Fare," printed, with perhaps exaggerated consideration, in English. Hard by is a valuable coloured plate of the Guildhall banquet in 1837, showing the young Queen, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Wellington, and many distinguished personages, all gone to-day, save the Queen.

But now, with just a glance at some strongly-contrasting invitation cards for 1825, 1837, and 1887, I have to ask the Lord Mayor-elect for a few minutes of his time, and he good-naturedly submits to a few questions upon points of general interest.

"Have you any particular views about the unemployed?" I ask, not



A SOUVENIR OF THE INTRODUCTION OF THE NEW POLICE BY LORD MAYOR VENABLES, 1825.



ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE, NOV. 8, 1782.



INVITATION CARD TO LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET, THE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION, 1837. JOHN COWAN, LORD MAYOR.

without a certain diffidence, for the subject is a difficult and rather delicate one.

"No—or, at all events, I think it is better not to express any officially until the time comes when I must, and I hope that will be never. Sufficient unto the day—"

"I know you are not a faddist—that you have no particularly thorny opinions to prick unthinking fingers."

"I hope not. I am a Conservative—a Church and State man, as I daresay you know, but I have no crotchets or whims."

"The City will, at all events, have a Lord Mayor who is devoted to its interests."

"Well, I can say so much without vaunting myself."

"And one who knows the duties and responsibilities of the office."

"I have certainly had a fair training. It is seventeen years since I was made a member of the Corporation, and from that time to this I may claim to have followed City affairs closely, and to have advanced its interests to the best of my ability. I have filled the office of Sheriff, as you know, and done my share of aldermanic duty."

"And what recreation do you allow yourself, Mr. Tyler, when your civic and business affairs are over?"

"Practically none. I have so little leisure that, although I used to ride a good deal, I have had to give up even that."

"I suppose, then, you have no time to devote to Kensington?"

"None, in a parochial sense. When I have time I like to drop into one of my clubs. I belong to the Junior Carlton, the Constitutional, the

City Carlton, and the Thames Yacht Club, of which my friend and partner, Mr. Venables, is an old member."

"And what about the 'Odd Volumes'?"

The Alderman laughed genially as he replied, "Oh, yes, I am one of the oldest members of the 'Sette.' It is a very pleasant affair, and Venables is nearly as old a member of it as I am. Our first president, in '78, was Mr. Bernard Quaritch, and the motto of the 'Sette' is Thackeray's version of Horace—

DULCE—*Delightful*, says the poet,
EST—*is it*, and right well we know it,
DESIPERE—to play the fool
IN LOCO—*when we're out of school*.

It is rather an odd society altogether, and among our officers we have a herald, an antiquary (who is Venables, by-the-way), an alchemist, a leech, a necromancer, an astrologer, a chapman, a rhymer, a pilgrim, an ancient mariner, a bard, a troubadour, a seer, a magnetiser, a vagabond, and a jester. Some of the rules are also rather quaint. There is one that no 'Odd Volume' shall talk unasked on any subject he understands, and another, which might be generally adopted with advantage, that no speech shall last longer than three minutes."

"And what, Mr. Alderman, do you anticipate will be the event par excellence of your mayoralty?"

"The opening of the Tower Bridge, without doubt."

"By the Queen?"

"I cannot say more than that all loyal London will be delighted if her Majesty graciously comes to the City."

I had noticed that during my brief chat with Mr. Alderman Tyler the envelopes of various shapes and colours with which his desk was strewn had been added to more than once, and the little detail reminded me of more than one odd story which I had heard of



INVITATION CARD TO LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET, 1825. WILLIAM VENABLES, LORD MAYOR.

applications made by cranks in all parts of the world to the City potentate during his year of office.

"I suppose you are overwhelmed with all sorts of queer correspondence already, as one of the penalties of your new position?"

The Alderman smiled, and placed his hand significantly upon a pile of unopened letters at his side.

"Indeed, yes. The moment the announcement was made they began to arrive in shoals, and they have been coming ever since. Really, people seem to think that the Lord Mayor has every appointment and situation in London in his gift."

"And some of the demands are as eccentric as they are unreasonable?"

"Yes. What do you think one of my correspondents in a far-away colony requested, in addition to one or two other items which, for the moment, I forget? He asked if I would send him some sprats, that he might have a real English dinner on Lord Mayor's Day."

"You did not do so, I imagine?"

"Oh, yes, I did. They were sent hermetically sealed, and will be right enough when they are opened."

"But many of your letters do not need to be dealt with by you personally, surely?"

"No, the indefatigable Mr. Soulsby spares me a tremendous lot of work, for, I need hardly say, the majority have no claim upon my serious attention."

"And these—"

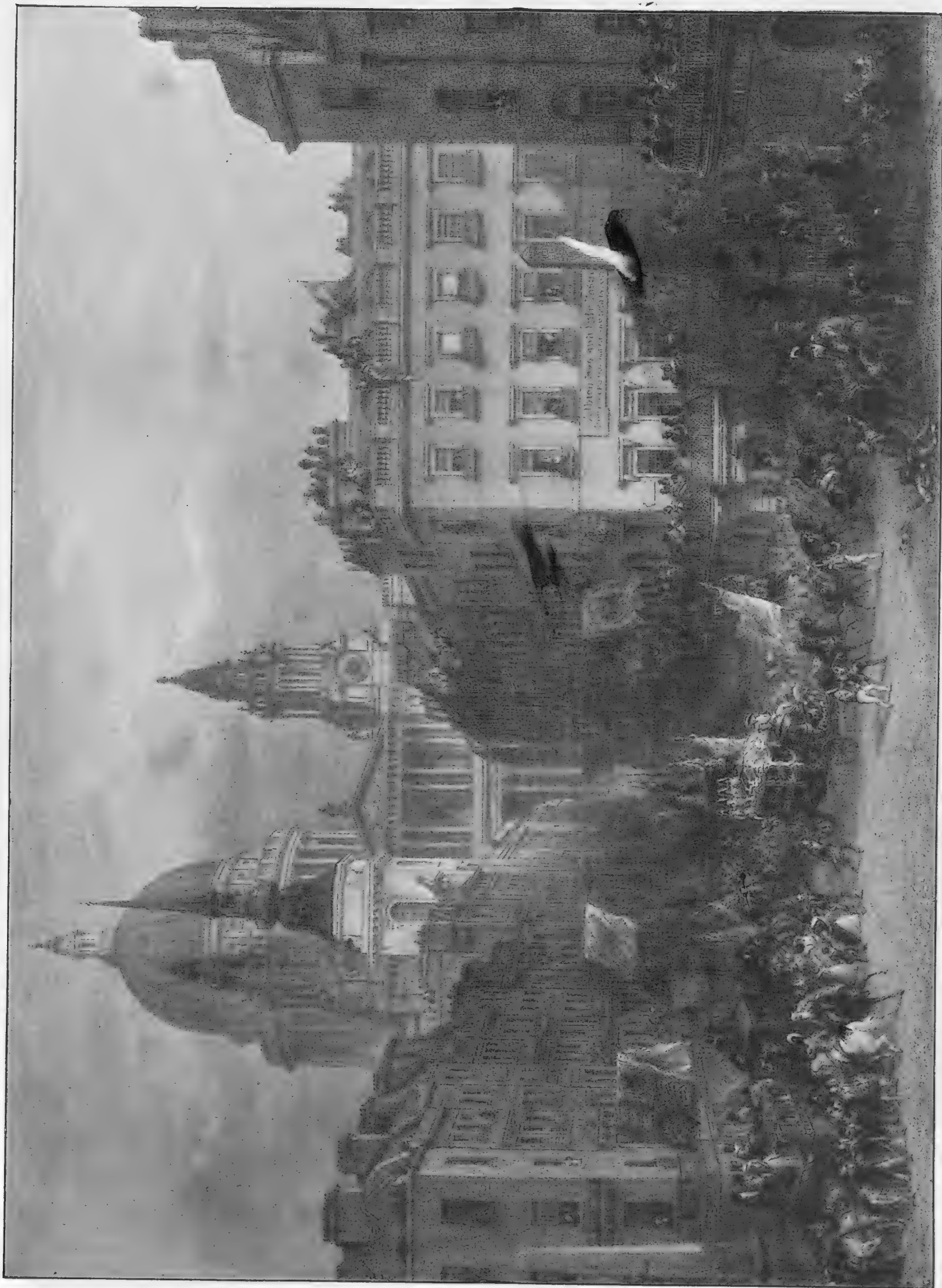
"Mr. Soulsby gives them the 'happy despatch,'" said the Lord Mayor-elect, and with the sound of his cheery laugh as a pleasant recollection of my interview with surely one of the most unassuming as well as one of the soundest Lord Mayors of recent years I bade Mr. Alderman Tyler "Good-bye," convinced that in a year's time London will have found no reason to regret its choice of a civic king for 1894.

A. G.



INVITATION CARD TO LORD MAYOR'S RECEPTION AND BALL, IN THE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, 1897. SIR REGINALD HANSON, LORD MAYOR.

Designed by Walter Crane.



THE CIVIC PROCESSION COMING DOWN LUDGATE HILL ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY 1844.



MRS. TYLER, THE LADY MAYORESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



MR. ALDERMAN TYLER, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE IRON PIRATE." BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Max Pemberton has handled with particular cleverness an exciting but none too easy theme. "The Iron Pirate" (Cassell and Co.) is no musty legend of the Spanish Main. That would have been a facile subject to a writer with so excellent a gift of narrative and such real skill in invention as Mr. Pemberton discovers in these pages; but he has chosen a bolder emprise. What say you to a pirate of our own day holding the kingship of the whole Atlantic? This is Mr. Pemberton's notion, and, hard as it is to realise in the abstract, his dexterous management seems to bring it well within the range of the possible.

There are strange disappearances of Atlantic liners. They go down in fair weather, crews and passengers drowned, and not a trace left. Still, there is no general alarm; no one suspects that Lolonois or "Black Beard" has come to life again. One man alone gets an inkling, and as this man's imaginings are divulged in the opening scenes the reader is gradually led up to the knowledge that the black flag is really flying once more at the masthead of a nameless ship, and that the Atlantic ocean is the pirate's hunting ground. It is even so. Black Beard has revisited the glimpses of the moon. Mr. Pemberton's Black Beard is a certain Captain Black, who, for the sake of private wrongs, concocts a great revenge upon the race. The idea seizes him of reviving in supreme fashion the murderous glories of the Spanish Main. A mad idea, but Captain Black has the courage of it, and he lays his scheme well and scientifically. Obviously, one could not go a-pirating to-day in the haphazard fashion that served when the seas were only half policed. The navies of the world would be let loose, and they would hunt down in a week the amateur pirate who was not more than a match for them at all points. One must first, then, provide one's self with the finest, fastest, and most formidable vessel in all creation. Captain Black lays hands on a deaf and dumb German engineer, who has got it into his head that gas is to be the motor of the near future. Very well; the pirate ship shall be driven by gas. Now, as to the material for building, there is nothing to compare with phosphor-bronze, which glows in the sun like gold; but it cannot be generally used, on account of the cost of the copper. Here, again, however, fortune favours Black, for he has any amount of copper in American mines, the output of which has made him a millionaire. Phosphor-bronze and gas, with the most terrible things in guns that can be had, shall defy the Powers of both hemispheres; and Captain Black causes to be built for him secretly at Spezia a vessel of war which is a miracle of speed and strength. Away with him then to the Atlantic.

Now, it is plain that, even with the right ship under him, there are no more than two conditions under which Captain Black could for any length of time play the successful pirate in waters where is the traffic of the world. He must, in the first place, be unobserved at his work; and in the second place he must on all occasions do the work with such appalling completeness that none shall live to speak of it. In the days when all frequented seas swarmed with pirates an individual vessel might, with reasonable luck, keep up the game for years; but think of the situation of one pirate against the world! Captain Black does, nevertheless, contrive for a space to hold the wide Atlantic in fee, and, really, in the circumstances in which Mr. Pemberton places him, the thing seems not infeasible. The nameless ship, sailing nine-and-twenty knots an hour, is seen only by the vessels her captain marks out for destruction, and no soul on board those vessels is suffered to escape. Of this business Mr. Pemberton does not show us too much, or his pages would drip gore. He can spill blood on occasion with a sufficiently steady hand, as in the duel with knives between the two mutinous seamen, in the massacre of the miners on the ice-bound beach, in one scene aboard an ocean steamer, and in the great battle between the nameless ship and the cruisers; but he dips his pen in the red none too often; and for my own part I have admired most the flow and sustained force of the narrative, the readiness of invention, the closeness of construction, and that imaginative and

artistic grip of the whole situation which makes not only plausible but life-like a history fetched out of dreamland. It is not often that one lays down a "plain tale of strange happenings" with the thought, "Why, these happenings might have happened!" but the truth is that the premises of "The Iron Pirate" are distinctly admissible. There is no antecedent impossibility in Mr. Pemberton's proposition; his Captain Black might steam for the Atlantic to-morrow, and might plunder and murder there for just the length of time that Mr. Pemberton allows him to be at large in "The Iron Pirate."

Now, however, at what point does Nemesis first intervene? Mr. Pemberton saw this clearly enough. The first pursuer of Captain Black, an ex-detective, whose surmises on the subject are scouted by everybody, gets well on the Captain's track, as he thinks, but is quietly lured by Black aboard a pleasure yacht of his, and roasted alive in the shrouds as a reward for discovering the pirate's secret. Pursuer number two is one Mark Strong, a friend of the ex-detective, to

whom that luckless spy, anticipating the fate he meets, has bequeathed a manuscript history of the affair, so far as he has been able to unravel it. Mark Strong takes up the mission which the ex-detective was broiled for attempting, and it is with Strong's pursuit of Captain Black in a morsel of a yacht that the vivid interest of the history begins. Mark Strong, roaming the Atlantic in search of the nameless ship, is the first to discover the pirate at his work; and with this scene begins the Nemesis of Black, for it is evident that, once detected, the pirate's doom is a matter only of days or weeks. Granted that no cruiser afloat can catch a pirate capable of twenty-nine knots an hour, three or four of them may surround her, and when that's done Execution Dock looms in the middle distance. But Mr. Pemberton carries the plot on cunningly, with never a slackening of the interest. Strong himself is trapped by the pirate skipper, fetched aboard the miraculous vessel, prisoned there in a sumptuous cabin, and fed with the best; carried to the wilds of Greenland—where Black has his hiding-place—cozened into sharing the next adventure afloat, and, subsequently, brought on parole to London, where the net is spread for Black. Black's end, however, is not in town, but, appropriately, on the bosom of the deep, where,

after a gallant transformation scene, he disappears mysteriously. He is dead, or has escaped; the doubt that follows him beyond the final page is the aptest possible conclusion of his story.

Here is a new thing in the fiction of adventure, and a good and convincing thing. "The Iron Pirate" will be hard to beat in its class this season.

T. H.



Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

POETS IN BOOKLAND.—VIII.

OLD BOOKS ARE BEST.

Old books are best! With what delight
Does "Faithorne fecit" greet our sight
On frontispiece or title-page
Of that old time, when on the stage
"Sweet Nell" set Rowley's heart alight!

And you, O friend, to whom I write,
Must not deny, e'en though you might,
Through fear of modern pirates' rage,
Old books are best.

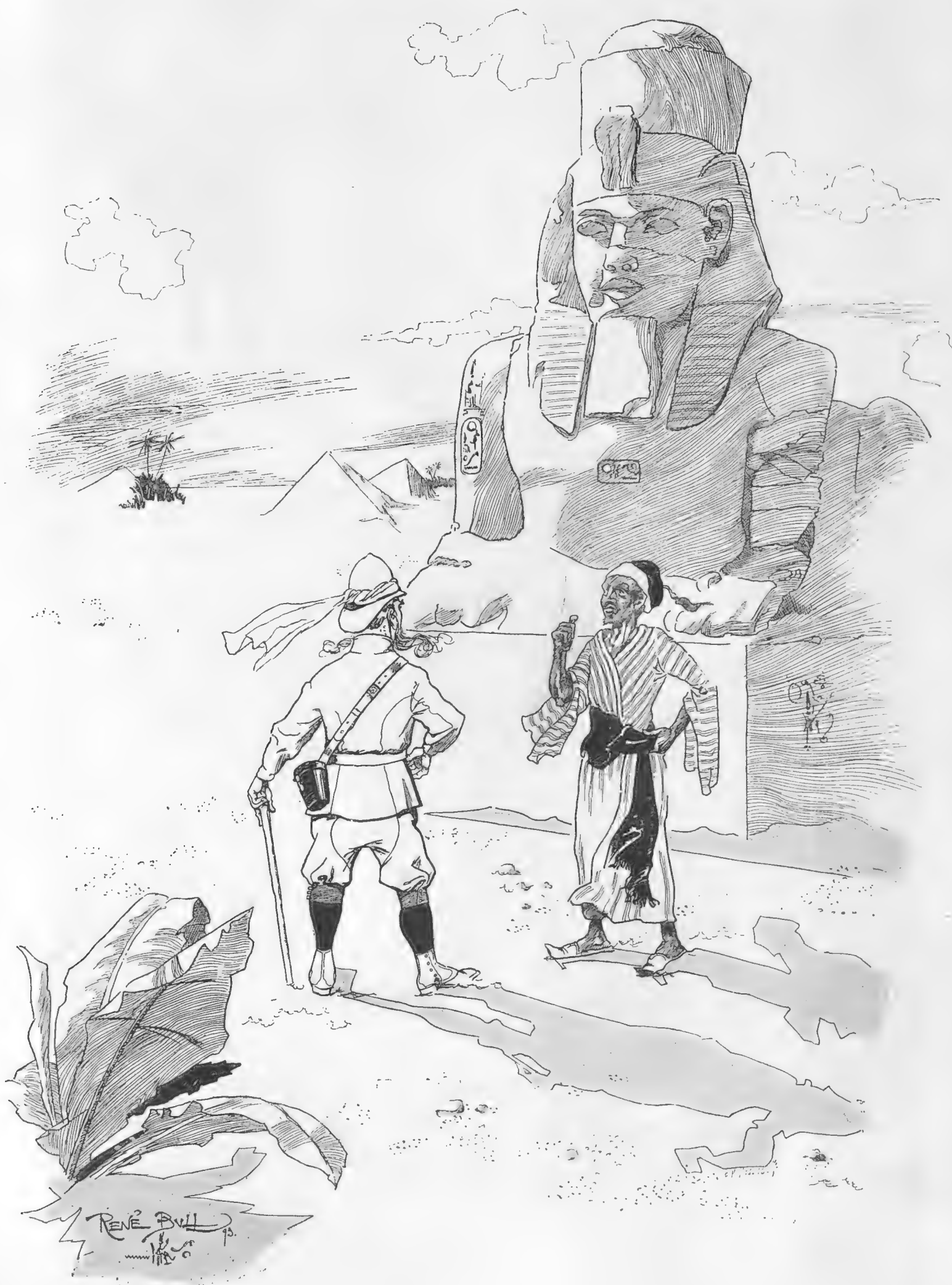
What though the print be not so bright,
The paper dark, the binding slight?
Our author, be he dull or sage,
Returning from that distant age
So lives again. We say of right,
Old books are best.—BEVERLY CHEW.

(From Gleeson White's "Ballades and Rondeaux.")

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE EVENT OF THE EVENING.



ENGLISH TOURIST : " Impressive ? Rather ! I wonder what I could hire the front for, to advertise our new tonic."



MY
SWEETHEARTS



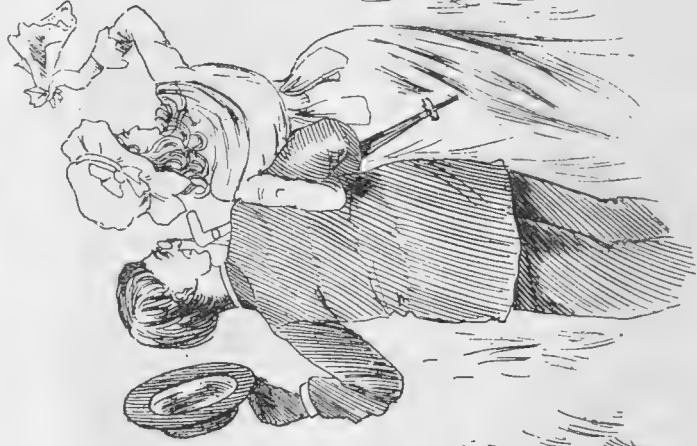
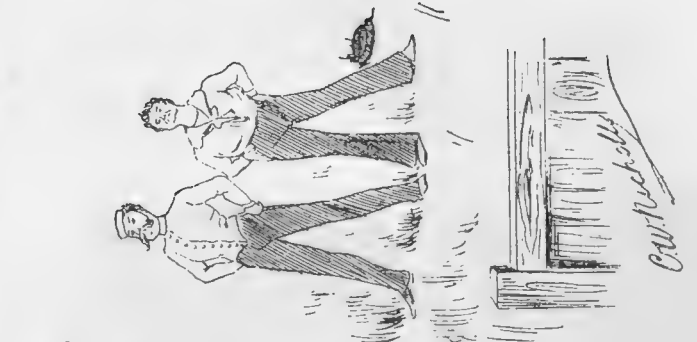
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NO 3



PIERROT WITH TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

The Army: The Navy... and The Church...



C.W. Rockwell

C.H.

A POPULAR PARSON.

A CHAT WITH THE REV. H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH.

The Rectory of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, Lambeth Hill, in the heart of the City, is very like the famous lodging in Lant Street, Borough, tenanted for all time by the ghost of Mr. Robert Sawyer, inasmuch as it, too, commands an extensive view of—over the way.

A dozen paces removed from the dapper commercialism of Queen Victoria Street on the one hand, and from the heavy rumble of



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

PROFESSOR SHUTTLEWORTH IN HIS STUDY.

amphibious Thames Street on the other, the red-brick rectory, which would be handsome if one could but see it, is an oasis of intellectual and social refreshment in the arid desert of £. s. d.-dom.

A few steps up softly carpeted stairs, with a pleasantly Oriental air about their colouring (says a *Sketch* representative), and I am at the door of Mr. Shuttleworth's study—or "workshop," as he calls it—and in another moment the familiar musical voice of the popular Rector is heard in cordial greeting.

"It must be seven years since I had the pleasure of a talk with you, and the world has moved since then," I commence, as the cosy room recalls many pleasant memories.

"Yes; and it is seventeen since I first came to live in the City," said Mr. Shuttleworth, adding, "Ah, the world *has* moved since then!"

"In the right direction?"

"I hope so. There is a greater breadth of view than there was."

"Which is an almost unqualified gain?"

"Almost. I don't want to get on to theology, but the social progress of Church work must have a theological basis. The Archbishop of Canterbury always insists on the Incarnation as the fount of work. But we are getting terribly serious. I must not think I am talking as Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, or, as I prefer to call it, Professor of Sanctified Common-sense."

"But it is interesting just now to know the origin of the enthusiasm of humanity which is the note of the Church work of to-day."

"Well, the Church and the World are better friends than they were. We have got out of the old Puritan groove. The Puritans regarded God as living at a vast distance, and created a sort of machinery to reach Him. Modern theology says that He is *in* the world."

"A City clergyman should have experience of this, for the world is very much with him."

"Yes; yet I like City work; it is good. But, as Ruskin says, everyone wants, 'whatever they have, to get more, and, wherever they are, to go somewhere else.'"

"But the nomadic habit is a bad one."

"Very. It breeds instability. Even uncongenial surroundings develop character."

"It must be ten years since you came to Lambeth Hill."

"Just about ten years. I had rooms, first in the Chapter House, and then in Amen Court, in a house built on the site of the old Oxford Arms—one of the ancient inns of the City, with a courtyard, where, I daresay, three centuries or so ago, miracle plays were performed. While we were living there the man who murdered James Carey was confined in the Old Bailey, and our court was watched day and night by detectives, lest, being so quiet a spot, an attempt at rescue might be made from it by the friends of the imprisoned Fenian."

"You were at St. Paul's then?"

"Yes. It was at St. Paul's that I formed the great admiration of my life for Dean Church, an immensely able man, austere, but of broad sympathies and profoundly learned. I think he was the finest preacher I ever heard—a poor voice and no elocution, but, for all that, great."

"And now about your own work, Mr. Shuttleworth?"

"I don't think I can tell you much that is new. I am still trying to give plenty of good music in my church, with a view to carrying out my theory of church music—that it should be artistic and congregational. I have combined the two successfully by having a particularly good organist and choir, and giving them plenty to do, and by giving the congregation plenty of good hymns. Then we have an oratorio fortnightly in the afternoon, and every Sunday evening a plain parish service."

"And instead of the usual City congregation of half-a-dozen old women and some charity children?"

"The church is crowded always. Then, you see, a City clergyman has none of the usual claims upon him—no visiting, no children's services, which leaves Sunday afternoons free for experiments. Numbers of young men won't listen to sermons, so I give them addresses."

"Sugared pills?"

"Perhaps. Sermons restrict one; but there is nothing to prevent me from giving an address on poems or plays. I could not preach about 'Saints and Sinners,' or 'Merlin and Vivien,' but I can make them the subject of addresses, and so, by a little diplomacy, inflict upon these young Esaus a homily in disguise."

"Young Esaus is distinctly good."

"Well, I have always had a sneaking regard for Esau, and there is a good deal of him about the average athletic young Englishman; and it seems to me very desirable to direct his strength into a proper channel."

"And you have other methods of doing this besides your church?"

"Yes; the St. Nicholas Club, for young men and young women."

"A bold experiment."

"You are charitable. A good many people called it dangerous, and worse. But we go on and prosper. We started with a hundred and fifty members, now we have four hundred. But come and see it."

Inevitably, if it was to touch the class for whose benefit it was founded, it had to be just round the corner, and just round the corner it was, although this involves paying a heavy rent for three large floors in a warehouse in Queen Victoria Street, and the subscription is so nominal that it imposes a great responsibility upon Mr. Shuttleworth, who is personally liable for the rent.

The club is certainly a revelation in its home-like comfort and refinement. There is a pretty drawing-room, with some good water-colours on the walls: David Cox, Mrs. Allingham, and T. B. Hardy. There is a piano, and there are plenty of comfortable chairs, magazines, papers, and a miniature stage for musical and dramatic entertainments, for Mr. Shuttleworth is a firm believer in Church and Stage.

Then there are writing and billiard rooms, a library, a restaurant, with a bar, where such unconverted beverages as ale, claret, and even whisky may be obtained, though the consumption is so limited that it does not pay.

"I think this is better, after all," said the Rector, "than the public-house, with its coarse associations and countless temptations, and the young City man must have somewhere to go after business. Besides, here he can meet self-respecting women, and without the society of good women no man's life can be complete. I hold with Kingsley that



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

PROFESSOR SHUTTLEWORTH'S DRAWING-ROOM.

my mission is to Esau. Jacob has five-and-twenty thousand priests to look after him. I go for Esau."

"Are all the members of your club members of your congregation?"

"Not a bit of it. The club recruits the church rather than the church the club. I never obtrude the religious side of the affair; it leads to a wholesale evolution of prigs or hypocrites. My club members belong to all denominations and to none."



AN IMPRESSION OF "LA MASCOTTE."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



BY MABEL E. WOTTON.

Back again at the Grand. I had helped Jim up to his bed-room in that uncomfortable fashion necessitated by the fact that I had to sustain the whole of his weight, while letting him flatter himself with the notion that he was mainly bearing his own, and now I had come down again into the courtyard to smoke a cigar and see if I could find anyone to talk to. Truth to tell, I should have welcomed any companion just then—even a rabid Home Ruler—for I was feeling desperately down about Jim. It is all very possible to bear it with seeming philosophy when told by the doctors that the lungs of one's closest chum are in such a ticklish state that a few months will inevitably see the end. But when the few months are over, and he is face to face with death, then one's stoicism is apt to prove a broken reed.

We had been to Pontresina for the early spring, and now were on our way home, intending to break the journey for a couple of nights at Paris, where Mrs. Jim was to join us.

"I'm awfully glad I wouldn't let Ellie come out to that hole of a place," Jim had said in his boyish, eager way. "She'd have been bored to death, you know, Earle. And now I am so much better that I do believe we could manage a theatre, eh?—or the Opera. Ellie is mad on music. Don't grunt, old man."

I daresay I had grunted, for, as far as I could see, his dearly beloved Ellie had never had the faintest intention of leaving town; and as for being mad on music, she always struck me as being much madder on that fellow Finch, who, in an amateur kind of way, had strummed himself during the past season into the graces of a good many people besides Mrs. Jim Devereux. I disliked her so much, pretty and popular though she undoubtedly was, that it had been quite an annoyance to me to have to write Jim's dictated love-letters, and more especially the last, in which he had arranged about her coming to Paris. She was due that day, unless her wifely devotion had hastened her arrival, and that appeared improbable.

Failing to recollect the address of the doctor to whom we had been recommended, and who might have to be summoned in a hurry, I was just taking out my pocket-book to look for it, when my hand came upon a letter which I had evidently put there to post and forgotten. I hadn't worn the coat for a week, or should have come across it before.

Pulling it out, I made the unpleasant discovery that it was the one in which I had told Mrs. Jim all about her husband's plans, for they had been hurriedly made, and, as she had never got it, she would still be imagining him in Pontresina, and, worse still, it meant the postponement of poor old Jim's hopes. I had left him calculating the hours upstairs, and now here was this brute of a letter, and—

I crammed it back into my pocket, and was going off to telegraph to

her, when through one of the open windows came a woman's laugh. I stopped as if I had been shot, for I would have sworn to that laugh in a thousand. Then it came again. Then a sentence—

"Oh, it was a splendid crossing, as you predicted. There wasn't a ripple. But in spite of that Tempy was very glad to get here this morning—weren't you, my darling?"

It was Mrs. Devereux. Tempy was her pug, and she was evidently speaking to someone with whom her journey had been previously discussed. But how on earth had she come here, when the letter hadn't been posted? A sudden thought struck me, and I went to inspect the letter-rack. Yes, he had been too occupied to claim them: "George Finch."

"If you please, Sir, Mr. Devereux is asking for you."

Mechanically I obeyed the message. George Finch: I saw the name written on each stair as I laboured up them. I read it in the eyes of a man who passed me on the landing: George Finch. In the hum of voices ascending from the luncheon-room I caught it distinctly: George Finch. Was the man a blackguard, and was my poor friend to have his heart broken in the short span of life which still remained to him?

"Want me, Jim?"

"Yes; look here! It has just struck me she might have taken the night crossing instead of the day, and——"

"Nonsense!" I broke in. "What would be the use of making herself uncomfortable? She would never do that."

"She would for me," persisted Jim, clawing at my arm to raise himself from the bed, and crawling over to the couch by the window. "She might have driven to some friend's for breakfast, and be coming on here afterwards. I shall lie here and watch the courtyard. I can see two-thirds of it without lifting my head."

"But she doesn't expect you until night. We're before our time," I said desperately.

It was a fact, for Jim's impatience had driven us on by quicker stages than we had planned; but even as I spoke I saw that I might have saved my breath, for the brilliant colour fluctuated in his cheeks rapidly, and there was a half-uttered, exultant cry, which ended in an awful fit of coughing. Mrs. Jim had come out into the courtyard, and he had seen her.

"She is here!" he whispered, in a half-strangled whisper, as soon as he could speak. "Go down, Earle, and——"

"Fetch her up?" I asked, for he was pressing the stained handkerchief to his lips, and the entreaty in his eyes had dragged from me the very words I wished to avoid.

He shook his head impatiently, and I waited. Then: "No," said Jim; "I want to wait until I'm a bit rested first. It'll fret her if I can't be jolly. But go and find out who she is talking to, if you can, without her seeing you, and if you can catch what she says——"

I glanced over his shoulder to be sure the angle of the window hid her companion from his view, and then went downstairs, praying that they might not shift their seats.

Apparently, they had no intention of moving, for the painted tin table which stood between them was covered with a map and railway

guides, and as I stood in a near doorway watching them Mrs. Jim spun up a sovereign.

"Anyhow, Marseilles, then," she said gaily; "and after that Algiers or Venice. Heads or tails?"

His hand closed over hers, and, their eyes meeting, they both laughed.



"She is here!" he whispered.

I shivered. To sit there making love in the sunshine while Jim lay overhead, feasting his dying eyes on the wife who had deserted him—it was horrible.

As the people came sauntering out of the midday *table d'hôte*, the two left their nook to retreat within doors, and barely had they closed the door of their private room, when I opened it again, and walked in. "Mrs. Devereux?"

The girl's face whitened, while the man stared curiously. For the moment I do not think he recognised me.

"Jim's here. He has sent me to fetch you."

"I—I won't go," she said at once, and looked towards her lover. "George!"

Finch stood up and fronted me—a slightly built, fair-haired man of forty, who had a disconcerting trick of looking over instead of at one.

"Look here," he said, "it is no concern of yours, and this is a private room. If you've been eaves-dropping, you know all about it. Devereux chose to live apart from his wife, and she has grown tired of it. Now you can go."

It wasn't worth while to give him the lie. I turned to his companion.

"Don't you understand?" I cried. "Jim is dying! He saw you through the window, and he thinks you've come here to meet him. You must come!"

For answer she burst into tears.

"I can't," she sobbed; "I can't have gone through it all for nothing. I must be happy! I am very young, and I have the right to be happy. Make him go away, George."

"He can stay if he likes," said Finch, with a smile than which many scowls are more pleasant.

Being physically unable to throw me out, I think he enjoyed this parade of power. He put his arm round her, and kept up a murmurous string of endearments, while she sobbed on about the hardness of her life, and why Jim should have returned at that most unforgivable moment. I stood and watched them. A vain longing for my mother seized me. Surely she would have known how to work on the girl's feelings—they could not be quite indifferent to the man she had sworn to love and honour; her eyes could not be wholly blinded to all sense of sin. But, personally, I knew I was powerless.

"Come outside for two minutes, Finch."

After a little demur, he came, and I went on rapidly.

"You say this is no concern of mine, and I agree. If you are both bent on going to the devil, go, for aught I care. But there's Jim."

"Well?" he said as I paused, and he smiled again.

"You can't be such a consummate ass as to risk so much for a few extra days. He is almost gone. Jim knew the verdict as well as I did before we left town, and now his time is up, and I don't believe he'll ever quit the hotel. Send Mrs. Devereux back to him, and leave him his last few days in peace, and then marry her as a wealthy widow. Break his heart between you, and, by the Lord above us, I swear he shall make his will again within the hour, and leave the money to charities."

Finch's jaw fell.

"There will be plenty of it, you can see for yourself. I am executor, and she gets every halfpenny."

He waited a full minute, considering.

"Poor beggar! I don't want to be hard on him," he said at last, but, more sickened by this than by anything I had yet heard, I cut him short.

"I shall tell him she has gone for a stroll, and shall come for your answer in twenty minutes."

"I was afraid of startling her, and while I watched for an opportunity she went out. The porter says she won't be long," I repeated to Jim.

It sounded lame enough, but he was too spent to question it, and lay back on his cushions with shut eyes, while I endured the longest twenty minutes it has ever been my fate to know. By the end of that time I was so strung up that when I again arrived at their room door I positively waited a moment from sheer nervousness. I had worked on the assumption that George Finch was a needy individual whose avarice would control his passion, but I might be wrong. "Bring Ellie back with you. I am just hungering for her," had been Jim's imploring whisper as I stole from the room. Suppose she would not come?

But she would. I had glanced from one face to the other to read my answer; hers pale and tearful, his moody, but inscrutable.

"I shall be out of this place in half an hour, and in London to-morrow," he said immediately. "I suppose you will stay here to see fair play?"

I assented. Had he broken with her for the nonce, certain that he could recover his ground when he chose, or had her tardy conscience awakened? Or was it possible it could be a planned thing between them? I should never know.

"Come," I said to Mrs. Jim, and, without even a glance in his direction, she followed me out into the hall, and up the stairs to Jim's room.

"Go in and tell him you're upset at hearing he is no better, for he will see you've been crying."

Having said this, I opened the door and shut them in together. Jim had his wish.



He kept up a murmurous string of endearments.



MRS. BERNARD BEERE IN "A LIFE OF PLEASURE," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

LADY CORINNA'S WEDNESDAYS.—II.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

SCENE: *Lady Corinna's drawing-room, the furniture of which has been partially removed in order to make room for three tables spread with needlework and knick-knacks.*

TIME: *Wednesday, 4 p.m.*

DOWAGER COUNTESS (*in feathers and bugles*). Well, I wouldn't do it, my dear, at any price.

LADY CORINNA. Oh, Aunt Sophia, I wish I had your strength of mind. But when the dear Duchess asked me, what could I do?

MISS PLUME. I thought, dear Lady Corinna, you told Mrs. Smith-Jones that you didn't approve of bazaars? I was quite amazed to find your second Wednesday in the month changed into a fancy fair.

LADY CORINNA (*aside*). Nasty, sneering thing, isn't she? So unsympathetic about any good work—Yes, dear, but—Mrs. Smith-Jones! Such a different matter! And when the Duchess promised to bring the dear Princess, too, what could I say?

CHORUS OF VOICES. Oh, Lady Corinna, do tell us! The Princess hasn't been yet, has she?

LADY CORINNA. Oh no, dears, I am just waiting to receive her now. We can't sell anything until she has been, you know.

MISS PLUME. And what is it all about, please? Who's to benefit by the sale? (*Produces note-book.*)

LADY CORINNA (*vaguely*). Oh, distressed Irish—no, I beg your pardon, it isn't that. One always has to think of those Irish people first nowadays. Distressed or not, they are continually wanting something, you know. Distressed somebody, it is—needlewomen, I believe. Shop people treat them so badly, you know, and the Duchess once founded a society for supplying them with innocent recreations—draught-boards and picture books—such a sweet idea! The culture of the masses—that's always been my idea, you know. Isn't it yours, Mr. Buncombe?

MR. BUNCOMBE (*emaciated youth*). Oh, precisely, dear lady. Think of the gain to mankind when every needlewoman, every washerwoman, every horny-handed son of toil, shall be able to gaze, night and morning, on some reproduction of the loveliest work of art suspended on their garret walls! Think of "The Angelus," the "San Sisto Madonna"—

MISS PLUME (*writing busily*). Almost prevent them from feeling the pangs of hunger, wouldn't it?

LADY CORINNA (*to a friend*). That woman is odious! I wouldn't have her here if it weren't for the *Picture World*. She writes rather well, and one must keep the Press in good temper.

LADY VIOLET. Never mind, dear. Come and show me these lovely sewed things. What stitches! what embroidery! Where did you get them done?

LADY CORINNA. I'll tell you, Violet, but you mustn't breathe it to a soul. I went to Blackley's for them. I'm a good customer, you know, and I just beat the shopmen down and down, on the plea of its being for a charity, until I got them at—positively—the cost of material only. (*Gives details.*) I paid nothing for the work—nothing at all.

LADY VIOLET. Dear me! I wonder who made them. All hand-sewn, I see. Are the fancy things from Blackley's too?

LADY CORINNA. Oh, some of them I bought, and people gave me a few. The Duchess sent knitted socks—horrid vulgar things. I stowed them away in a corner somewhere. I knew of a very clever little woman who embroiders beautifully; I got her to work these handkerchiefs and things.

LADY VIOLET. How lovely! What does she charge?

LADY CORINNA (*confidentially*). Really very cheap. Fivepence a handkerchief.

LADY VIOLET. Good gracious!

LADY CORINNA. My dear, it pays her very well, you may depend on that. And it is real charity to employ her.

LADY VIOLET. Awfully good of you, Corinna. What do you mean to charge for them?

LADY CORINNA. Fifteen shillings or a guinea each. What do you think?

LADY VIOLET. As it's for a charity, you might say a guinea. But you'll let me have these three for five shillings each, won't you?

LADY CORINNA. Well, dear, as it's *you*. But I wouldn't to anyone else in the room, not for worlds.

[*Goes to several other ladies and uses the same words, finally selling every handkerchief at an average price of three shillings and sixpence.*]

MRS. EGERTON (*intimate friend of both ladies*). Corinna always gets her money's worth. And she's right enough. I'm sure dressmakers charge fearfully. How do you like the frock I've got on?

LADY VIOLET. Lovely! I thought you said they wouldn't send it home in time.

MRS. EGERTON. I told them they must. Madame L'Estrange declared she would have to keep her workwomen up all night to do it—she actually cried to me about it!—but I told her I wouldn't employ her again if she did not let me have it punctually. So she managed to do it, and it was sent home at two o'clock this afternoon.

LADY VIOLET. Dressmakers tell such lies!

MRS. EGERTON. People of that class always do. I hate tradespeople—don't you? And the poor, too! There was a girl who brought the dress home, fainted in my hall, the horrid creature, and said it was from

want of food! My husband wanted to give her a sovereign—I believe he did, too, when my back was turned—but, as I told him, it was no real charity to reward imposture and deceit.

MISS TOADY (*rapturously*). Oh! there's the dear, darling Princess, and the dear Duchess, too.

[*Enter a Royal Princess and a popular Duchess, who are received by Lady Corinna and her friends with great distinction. The Royal Princess makes the round of the tables, and buys a twopenny pincushion at one, a sixpenny bag at another, and a shilling toy at a third. Then she goes into an inner drawing-room, has tea, and is mobbed by the patrician guests.*]

LADY VIOLET. She bought something at every table.

MRS. EGERTON. We must go and do likewise, I suppose. Dear me! I've forgotten my purse. But it doesn't matter. I only came to see the Princess.

LADY VIOLET. So did I. I always forget my purse when I go to a bazaar. But the girl at the stall will put down for you what you buy.

MRS. EGERTON. Oh, I know a better way than that. I say, Lord Goldfinch, I've forgotten to bring any money. Do buy that pretty fan for me.

LORD GOLDFINCH. Oh, certainly, Mrs. Egerton. Er—two guineas, did you say? You will honour me by accepting it.

MRS. EGERTON. What a dear boy you are! Well, it's in a good cause, you know—a real charity. Oh, the Princess is going.

[*She goes. Guests crowd the stairs and hall to see her go. Pale young woman in black makes her way unheeded into the house, and speaks to one of the footmen.*]

BUTLER (*to Lady Corinna*). If you please, m' lady, Robert has let in a young woman who will not go away without speaking to you.

LADY CORINNA. Young woman! What do you mean, Marshall?

BUTLER. I assure you, m' lady, it is not my fault.

YOUNG WOMAN IN BLACK (*hysterically*). I won't go, I tell yer—I won't go without my money!

EXCITED GUESTS. Where's a policeman? What can it mean? What a good thing the dear Princess has gone! You'd better sketch the scene, Miss Plume. Poor Lady Corinna! What fun!

YOUNG WOMAN. If you'll only give me even a part of the money, my lady! It's for my children, or I wouldn't have come to-day. I did those 'ankerchers for yer very cheap, I did, and it's fifteen an' thruppence—and the children's starving!

BUTLER (*officially*). I've got a policeman here, my lady.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, my lady, you won't give me in charge! There's the children waitin' for me at 'ome, an' not a bit nor a sup—

POLICEMAN. Now, young woman, you come along wi' me. You give her in charge for drunk an' disorderly, don't you, my lady?

[*She is thrust out at the door in the grasp of the policeman, and gets three weeks, her children being sent to the workhouse meanwhile.*]

MRS. EGERTON. Poor Lady Corinna! She's quite overcome. Don't cry, dear. (*In an undertone.*) Do remember your complexion, for goodness' sake!

LADY CORINNA (*recovering herself*). Awfully upsetting, wasn't it? I am quite well now; thank you, dear. Let us go back to the drawing-room and have some tea.

MRS. EGERTON (*recklessly*). Let's have an auction of the rest of the things. Then we shall get rid of them cheap.

LADY CORINNA. Even the Duchess's socks!

MISS PLUME. The only useful things in the place. I'll take them.

LADY AT STALL. Reduced at this hour. You may have them at half-price.

MISS PLUME. No, I won't. I'll give the full price—for a change. I don't suppose many people have done as much, and I daresay you think me a fool for my pains.

DOWAGER COUNTESS. Good-bye, Corinna. I hope you are cured of your charitable folly. I have not spent anything—not one penny.

MRS. EGERTON. Ta-ta, Corinna, dear. Hope you won't be any the worse for that little *contretemps* at the end. Look at what I'm carrying off—the best things in the fair—and I came without a penny in my pocket!

LADY VIOLET. I've got the handkerchiefs, Corinna, but there really isn't anything else worth buying. I'm sure I wish there had been, for I quite intended to spend five pounds.

LORD GOLDFINCH. Good-bye, Lady Corinna. I'm cleaned out. But, as you say, it's in a good cause.

MISS TOADY. Oh, dearest Lady Corinna, what a charming afternoon it has been!

LADY CORINNA (*to everybody*). So glad! so glad! Delighted to hear you say so. Thank you, thank you. We must do it again, mustn't we? Good-bye. Thank heaven they're gone. (*Sinks exhausted into a chair.*)

LADY AT STALL. Dear Lady Corinna, we've just made up the accounts. Your sale has been most successful. We have taken nine-and-thirty pounds seventeen shillings and fourpence-halfpenny. Won't the Duchess be pleased!

LADY CORINNA. Delighted. And the expenses were only forty. There will be an account of the Distressed Needlewomen Sale in all the papers, and there's only a deficit of—how much did you say?

LADY AT STALL. Two and sevenpence-halfpenny. But that doesn't matter.

LADY CORINNA. Of course not—in a work of real charity.

(*Curtain.*)

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The receiver of the Cassell Publishing Company in America was to dispose of the stock, fixtures, &c., in one parcel at public auction on Oct. 27 to the highest bidder, at a price not less than £30,000. Another American publishing company—the Worthington—is to be wound up with as little delay as possible.

I have seen a copy of Mrs. Oliphant's book on Jerusalem. It appears in a cheap edition, tastefully got up, as all Messrs. Macmillan's books are, and it is a pleasant and, on the whole, trustworthy chronicle. I regret the preface is still disfigured with such unmannerly and ignorant attacks on English scholars as are sure to prejudice intelligent readers against the work. It will be wise to begin without reading the preface. Mrs. Oliphant is neither so ignorant nor so careless as she often seems to be.

Messrs. Macmillan also send out a cheap edition of Mr. Montagu Williams's "Round About London." Mr. Williams's life has been so full, and his experiences so unusual, that, although his literary gifts are very exiguous, he has made an entertaining and not uninteresting book. The spirit of charity and pity which inspires it is wholly admirable.

Dean Hole's lectures in America are to be on "With Thackeray and Leech, and the Literary Life of England," "With Pusey and Liddon, and the Church Life of England," "With Gladstone and Disraeli, and the Political and Social Life of England." They are expected to be very successful, and invitations have poured in from all the important towns.

After a long silence, Miss Olive Schreiner has given three short stories to the Pseudonym Library—"Dream Life," "The Woman's Rose," and "The Policy in Favour of Protection." When she does not speak in allegories she is always worth listening to; and these stories, so carefully written, so simple in construction, one reads with respect. "The Woman's Rose" inspires something more; it is the most artistic, the most coherent. It is only a tale, a few pages long, of commonplace generosity shown by one woman to another; but, in view of the conventional belief respecting the relation between women, Miss Schreiner has thought it worth while to commemorate the little deed.

In the first story we are back on an African farm again, in the company of all ill-treated child. In the third we are in that atmosphere of feminine depression from which the writer too rarely stirs. The tales are not very important, and criticism is hardly called for. We still wait for the fulfilment of the early promise, but we learn in the meanwhile with satisfaction that her slightest efforts are marked by grace and care.

In Mr. Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and His People" there were brief but pretty frequent glimpses of Mayfair amid the wilds of Canada. He has reversed the process in his new story, "The Trespasser," which is Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual. The story passes in Mayfair and similar haunts of well-bred persons, and into these the wild barbarian intrudes. Like all Mr. Parker's stories, it is written in the grand style. His heroes have always a fine carriage and a distinguished air—all the barbaric virtues along with the graces of civilisation.

The drawback to his style, which we enjoy very much, just as one enjoys watching a high-stepping horse, is that it breeds expectations that could never be realised. Gaston, the trespasser, could never do enough of good or evil to fulfil what we looked for when he rode into the story on his horse Saracen. He shoots terrible looks at people, and utters awful warnings, but something doesn't always happen. And with all his wild blood he is more punctilious about the little conventional details of the most detailed and conventional of societies. Mr. Parker will write a fine romance when he forgets to make his hero a dandy as well as a mighty hunter. What does happen ranges us, against our will, on the side of Mayfair as against the wild man.

We are reminded once or twice of Mr. Meredith in the course of the story, notably by the premier Faramond's laconic, suggestive speeches, and by one of the women. But it is Mr. Kipling's "Finest Story in the World" that most readily occurs to me on reading of the nineteenth century Gaston's memories of Naseby fight. Mr. Parker has treated this fantasy with skill. Indeed, if he has not written a first-rate romance or tragedy, he has written at least an unusually notable Christmas Annual.

"The Humour of Holland" (W. Scott) sounds like a determined attempt at our conversion. It seems to declare its intention to besiege our oldest, solidest convictions. It would be untrue to pretend that it makes no breach in them. The editor, Mr. A. Werner, writes a capital introduction on Dutch literature. Of course, he has the field to himself, and can say what he likes without fear of contradiction, but it sounds very good. He is becomingly apologetic about the humour of the literature. However, having given such a title to his book, he has to prove its right to possess it. So he makes certain conditions: First, we mustn't expect Dutch humour to be terse. Jokes are doubly enjoyed in Holland when they are explained. Secondly, it is very broad, and we mustn't expect humour to be broad and subtle too. Having thus cleared the way, he gives us his selected examples, and on the whole they compare very favourably with what is often dubbed humour in other countries. All the writers will be new to English readers, for living Dutch novelists that have elsewhere been introduced to us have not been accounted humourists. Yet Mr. Maarten's Koopstadt is situated somewhere within the broad borders of humour, surely. Mr. Dudley Hardy's illustrations are as vivacious as usual.

In connection with Mr. Norton's edition of Lowell's Letters, which I have not yet seen, a little book published by Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster is worth some passing attention—"Lowell, the Poet and the Man," by Dr. Francis Underwood. It is the expansion of an article which should rather have been curtailed. But Dr. Underwood was one of the inner circle at Cambridge, and his close personal intercourse with Lowell has left its mark on the book. Not many who have written better of the poet have known the man so well.

Sir George Douglas, gleaning far and near—among romance, nursery songs, the writings of old believers and new folk-lorists—has given us a most representative collection in his "Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales" (Scott), and it has been very effectively illustrated by Mr. James Torrance. There was really no book of the kind before, for nearly all the former collections deal with one locality alone—Campbell with the West Highlands, Henderson with the Borders, and so on. Perhaps the stories do not show quite as much ingenious fancy superimposed on the belief in the supernatural as in some collections of tales from other nations, but, then, in the tales of no other nation is there found such evidence of the nearness and the reality of the realm of ghosts and fairies.

Some of the tales, "Rashincoatie," for instance, and "Habitrot," are in Mr. Jacobs' new volume, "More English Fairy Tales" (Nutt), for Mr. Jacobs laughs to scorn the national sensitiveness of Scots who object to have their tales included under his title. What do a few miles on this or the other side of the Border matter, more especially when all the stories are alike of remote and foreign origin? His newer volume has not the look of being the dregs of the collection he has made, for some of the very best English tales are here, among them "The Black Bull o' Norway" and "Tattercoats," and Mr. Batten was never more witty and more spirited as an illustrator than here.

Mrs. E. M. Lynch has written a very amusing little book intended as a satire on modern girls, "The Boy God, Troublesome and Vengeful" (Unwin). She has imagined a school called Camelot College, full of learned and much-read spinsters and young maidens, who are possessed with the scorn of love and the love of economic science. But the Boy God worms his way in, and shoots his fell darts at their theories.

The satire is amusing, not because it is good—it is an elaborate extravaganza, really, not a satire—but because of the effect the writing of it and the living in the company of her young prigs has had on Mrs. Lynch herself. While they spout and quote in the text, she quotes quite as fluently in the margin, on every page, from Meredith, George Eliot, P. Glendelg (whoever he may be), and Shakspeare. It is a very absurd, but it is also an amusing little book: o. o.

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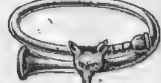
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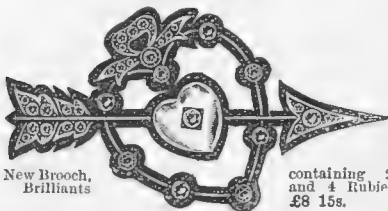


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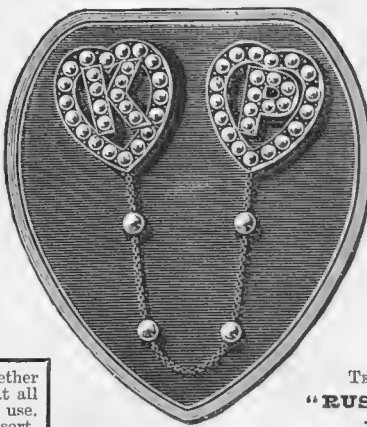
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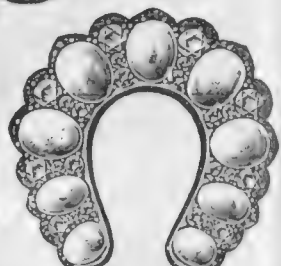


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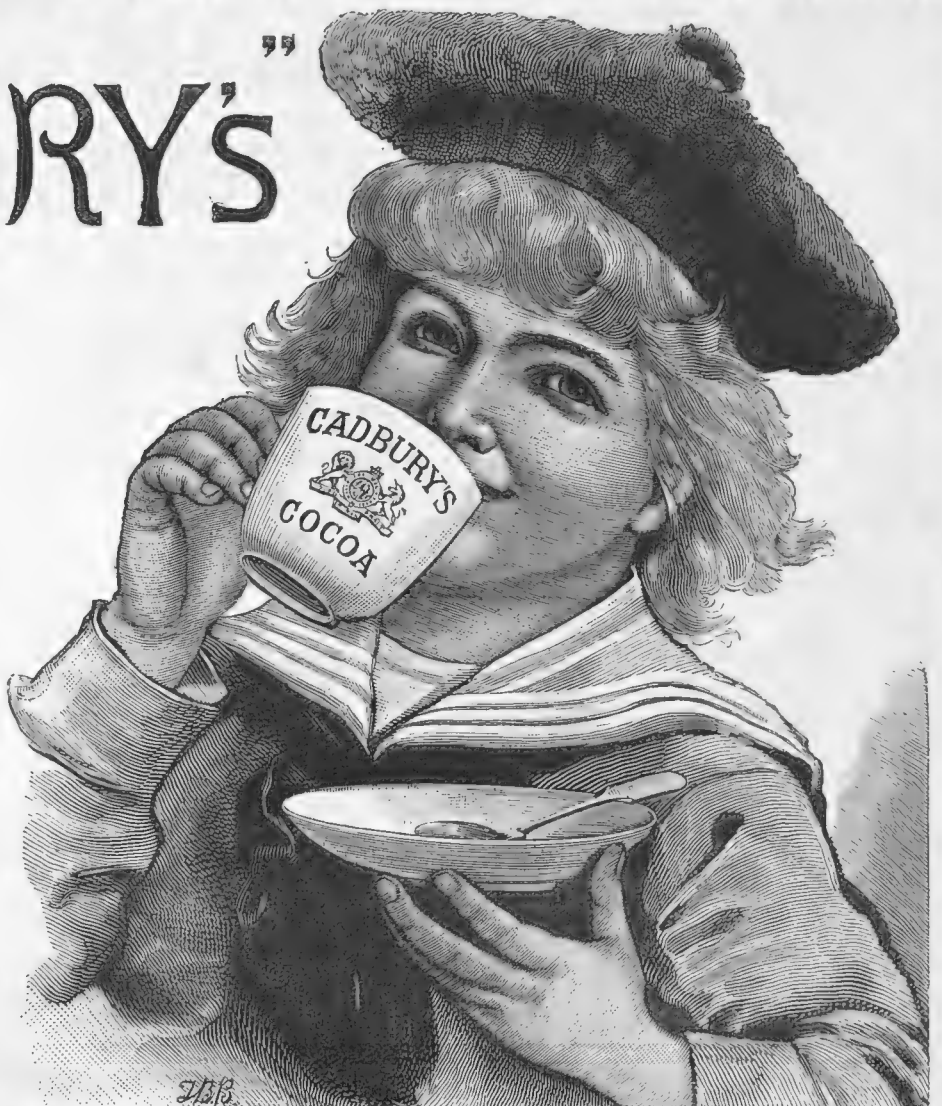
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Where are we now? Football under both codes is in full swing. The 'Varsities are daily sending out contingents to play the game, inter-cities matches are frequent, the Rugby County Championship is fairly under way, and a hundred League and Cup competitions are flourishing in the land. It is impossible to take stock of them all, even in a sketchy sort of way.

Is there such a thing, I wonder, as football in the abstract? There is, of course, a football world, a kind of athletic atmosphere, without reference to any particular club or set of players, where all men may join in a kind of intellectual symposium, theorising about the game, the science thereof, its art and its actuality. So far as the actuality is concerned, I am afraid players can testify by numerous kicks and bruises. In "The Rugby Union Football Handbook," published by



Pastime, there is a nice little disquisition on the game, not by cherubs who sit aloft in newspaper offices and tell the men of war how to play the game, but written by those who have been through the wars—experts on the football field. W. Yiend, of the Hartlepool Rovers, bears me out in this: "To theorise on forward play is one point, to carry the theory into practice is another." A-ha, Mr. International Yiend, thou art right. I have watched you from many a Press-box brilliantly illustrating the practical points of forward play. To watch your great shoulders heaving like billows in the tight pack, to see the bullet head coming through the "scrum" like a battering ram, to note the fast dribble, the keen following up, the strong tackle, and the downing of your man is a sight for gods and men. Different play for different days. If the ball be wet and greasy, let forwards screw and dribble; if in your own twenty-five, screw to touch; if in your opponents', screw to the open. Immediately the "scrum" is broken up, let the forwards spread out in line and sweep down the field. A forward of another sort, and also a good one, is Frank Evershed. Those who don't know him speak slightly, and hint at piano-playing, although every man admits that he is brilliant in the open, and one of the best try-getters in England. He believes in the modern game and in forward open play. According to Evershed, a forward should have speed, dodging, dribbling, and tackling powers, united to good judgment.

It is rather surprising that, after all the great performances at Newport, in their own country, the Welshmen should have failed to beat Bradford in Yorkshire—that is to say, it is surprising on paper; but it is not surprising when one considers that the game was played in a gale of wind and rain, which, of course, is all against the scientific play of a team like Newport. So far as science is concerned, the Welshmen were miles ahead of the Bradfordians, who on this occasion were assisted by Cooper, the ex-Newportian. On a good ground and under fair conditions Newport ought to beat Bradford five times out of six. Perhaps we will see a better game when the return match is played at Newport. It ought to be placed on record that in this match Arthur Gould dropped a goal from a mark over forty yards out. Although in his thirtieth year, Gould is still the player, not merely of the season, but of the century.

As a rule, the 'Varsities are the most conservative of all places in the matter of sport, yet we find the Oxford fifteen adopting the four three-quarter system. No doubt, the influence of J. Conway-Rees, an International Welshman, has made itself felt in this respect, but there is no doubt that the new style would not have been introduced had a majority of the team been unfavourable to it. Although Oxford were supposed to be weak this season, one can hardly contend that the supposition is correct, seeing that, with the exception of the London Scottish, they have beaten all comers. Even in the London Scottish match there was only a couple of points between the teams. If the Dark Blues keep up their form they may yet make a close thing of it with Cambridge.

In the Rugby County Championship series some good matches will

be seen this week. To-morrow Cumberland and Cheshire will have their annual set-to, when the chances are that the cheese county will get on top of the wrestling men, although the latter made a great name for themselves last year. Next Saturday Durham meet Yorkshire at Leeds. This match will be one of the test matches, and should Yorkshire go down, as is not improbable, the County Championship will remain a very open affair.

In the Lancashire Competition, Swinton looks like topping the poll and remaining there for some time. Salford, so far, have been disappointing, but Wigan and Oldham are not unlikely to occupy prominent positions. In the Yorkshire Competition, Liversedge have only a slight lead over Brighouse. The latter are now going very strongly, and it will be a fine tussle between the two leaders for some time. Bradford have only begun to wake up, but Hunslet and Manningham are always a pair that will have to be reckoned with. Dewsbury look like being easy winners of the wooden spoon, although they may be troubled by both Leeds and Wakefield.

In the Association game, Sheffield United, by a bit of bad luck and some indifferent play, have been deposed from the leadership of the League by Aston Villa. Last week, in speaking of the League, I said that if Sheffield Wednesday beat Derby County the former would win the championship. Of course, it was Sheffield United, and not Sheffield Wednesday, I meant. The strong tip for the League championship is now Aston Villa. There is no doubt that the Birmingham team is going stronger than it has done for years, and, considering the good lead they have got, it will be difficult for teams of their own class to catch them up. I consider the two best clubs in the League at the present moment to be Aston Villa and Sunderland. These two meet on Saturday at Birmingham, when we will see a battle of giants. The advantage of ground should pull the Villans through. Another great game will be seen between Preston North End and Blackburn Rovers. Stoke, at home, should account for Burnley, and I think that Darwen may just manage to beat West Bromwich Albion, although the latter are at present bringing off some remarkable victories. Surely Everton at home will beat Derby County, and Newton Heath are not likely to gain two points at the expense of the cupholders.

Suffolk will meet Norfolk on Saturday at Ipswich. The Association game is growing in both counties, and it is difficult to say which has made most progress. At Glasgow, next Saturday, Sheffield will put in an appearance to play the city of St. Mungo. These matches are always among the best of the season, and, as Sheffield are particularly strong this year, the Glasgow "bodies" will have to play hard to win. This reminds me that the famous old Queen's Park team, once without a peer in the land, is still holding up its head with the best of them—amateur or professionals. Of course, the Spiders are all good amateurs; but they dearly love a game against the strongest side that professionals can put into the field. It was only a few days ago that Queen's Park, in the Glasgow Cup Competition, defeated the Third Lanark by five goals to three.

If we are to judge by the result of the match between the Army and Corinthians, it is to be feared that Tommy Atkins is not making much progress in the game. Last season the Corinthians defeated the Army by a single goal margin, but this year it was a case of slaughter—eleven to nothing. Either the Corinthians were in exceptional form or the Army was not well represented. Perhaps there is truth in both contentions.

The second round of the Amateur Cup will be played off next Saturday. In the Fourth Division, I expect Bristol St. George, Bedminster, Reading, and Freemantle to be returned winners. In the Fifth Division, Old St. Mark's, Old Cranleighans, Old Foresters, and Old Etonians may be the fortunate ones. In the Sixth Division, I expect to see Crouch End, West Herts, Tottenham Hotspur, and Ilford bringing off wins. Perhaps the following clubs will survive the round in the Seventh Division—Royal Ordnance, Folkestone, Sheppy United, and Royal Fusiliers.

CYCLING.

More records, of course. A young man named Pellant has just reduced the fifty miles record to 2 hrs. 31 min. 46 sec. Another flyer named Pope has knocked fractions off the three miles and five miles records. The time for five miles is now 11 min. 31 1-5 sec.

In France, I notice that a horse—or, at least, a relay of horses—has beaten a cyclist. This must not be taken as an example of horseflesh being faster than wheels, for a contest between things so unlike each other depends altogether upon the conditions under which it was carried out. In this instance the track was all right for a horse, but the worst road a cyclist ever rode upon would not have been more difficult to negotiate than the cyclist's track. Mr. Cody rode relays of ten horses, and the following are the times he and the cyclist covered in three batches of four hours each—

| | CODY. | | | | MEYER. | | | |
|------------------|--------|------|-----|-----|--------|------|--|--|
| | Miles. | Yds. | | | Miles. | Yds. | | |
| First four hours | 77 | 502 | ... | ... | 69 | 1289 | | |
| Second " | 68 | 1439 | ... | ... | 69 | 840 | | |
| Third " | 71 | 0 | ... | ... | 67 | 488 | | |
| | 217 | 181 | | | 206 | 857 | | |

After the match Fournier and Gaby, on a tandem, rode a 4000 metres race against a trotter harnessed to a sulky, and were beaten by fifty yards.

OLYMPIAN.

LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Public schools are sensibly appreciating the importance of the teaching of science. One of the latest examples of this progressive action in education is that of the Leys School, Cambridge, where a building which



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING.

has cost £4000, and is intended to be devoted to this section of work, was opened by Lord Kelvin on Oct. 28. There are four laboratories, three lecture-rooms (one named appropriately after Lord Kelvin), and several other rooms for electrical and chemical experiments. The Head Master of the Leys School is Dr. Moulton, whose high attainments have done much to recommend the institution. There was a very distinguished company present to witness the ceremony. The representative of Cambridge University in Parliament, Professor Jebb, said some pleasant



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE AVENUE.

things about the connection between the city and the school. Various grave and reverend "heads of houses" lent their support, while prominent members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, like the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Mr. Percy W. Bunting, came from London to take part in the interesting proceedings of the day. Lord Kelvin mentioned that it was fifty-two years since he joined the University, and

he contrasted the small interest felt in scientific achievements at that date with the growth in this direction evident at the present day. He pleaded that classics should not be made so very hard and exhausting, claiming that science was a much-needed recreation for students. There was now, in Lord Kelvin's opinion, too much specialising. The object of a public school or University was not to allow a young person entirely to choose that which he liked best. These wise words of one who has done so much to popularise science by his own great discoveries ought to be heeded by all engaged in education.

After Lord Kelvin's speech at the luncheon which preceded his formal opening of the new building, Dr. Butler, the eloquent Master of Trinity, delivered some excellent advice to the boys, saying that it rested with them to make or mar this new development. As a former Head Master of Harrow, Dr. Butler is entitled to speak from long experience on educational subjects, for which his enthusiasm has never cooled, even amid the classic calm of Cambridge. He amused the audience by the relation of an incident which had recently taken place at a public school, where a pupil demagnetised every one of the magnets with which a lecturer was about to experiment. English schools have, undoubtedly, much leeway to gain before they can compare



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE PLAYGROUND.

in scientific teaching with some on the Continent; but the example of a centre like the Leys School, which is certain to increase its already great popularity, ought to gain the flattery of imitation.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

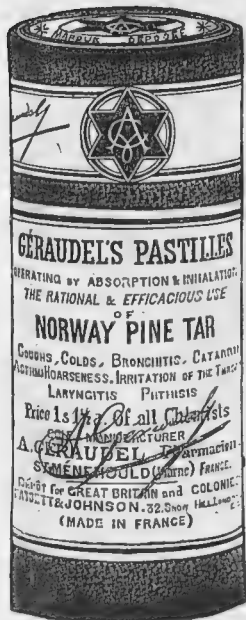
The musical event of last week was the recital by *Olli Podrida* M. Paderewski, on Tuesday afternoon, in St. James's Hall.

The amount of money turned away after every seat had been booked would have delighted the heart of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and might sensibly have diminished the National Debt. The great pianist had a very enthusiastic audience, chiefly composed of ladies; but, fortunately, this time he escaped the too pressing platform attentions which made his last recital ridiculous. He played very beautifully selections from Chopin and other composers, and introduced an air, which proved to be "Home, Sweet Home" with variations, from the "English Suite," composed by him. The inevitable encore, of course, concluded the proceedings.—At the Monday and Saturday "Pops" there were no great novelties. At the former Miss Jessie Hudleston made a most promising début, and introduced a new song by Mr. Klein. On Saturday the vocalist was Miss Florence Hoskins, and Mdle. Wietrowetz again led most excellently.—The opening concert of the Royal Choral Society attracted a large audience to the Albert Hall on Thursday, when Berlioz's "Faust" received a fine interpretation. Mrs. Hutchinson, at short notice, took the soprano music in place of Madame Moran-Olden.—Miss Lucie Hillier displayed at her concert in Princess' Hall high talents as a pianist. Madame Isabel George, a singer whom provincials very rightly appreciate, gave two or three vocal selections charmingly, and Mr. W. H. Squire, violoncellist, also appeared.—Mr. F. H. Cowen's new opera, "Signa," seems at last about to be produced, after many and various disappointments; he has left England to conduct the first performance.—That veteran teacher, Madame Marchesi, speaks most highly of two young English pupils, whose future she paints very brightly.—Madame Antoinette Sterling is once more home again. She had a curious adventure on leaving Adelaide, the steamer being overtaken by a tug, having on board a friend with an important parcel, which safely reached her hands.—At the Bristol Festival, just concluded, once again the attractive powers of the "Messiah" were proved; everybody seems to have been in good humour, and the numerous presentations reminded one of the Queen's Drawing-Room. Sir Charles Hallé was an energetic conductor.

LUTE.

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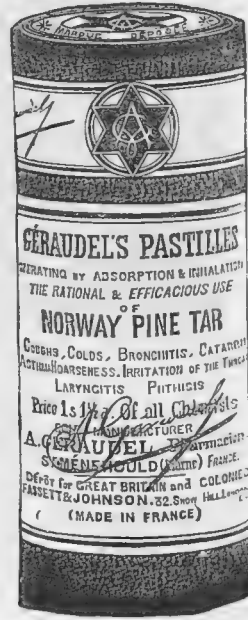
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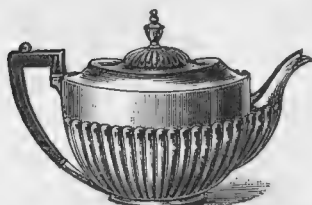
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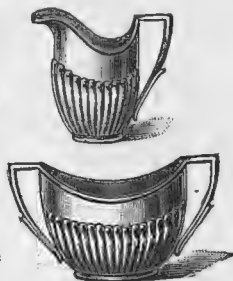
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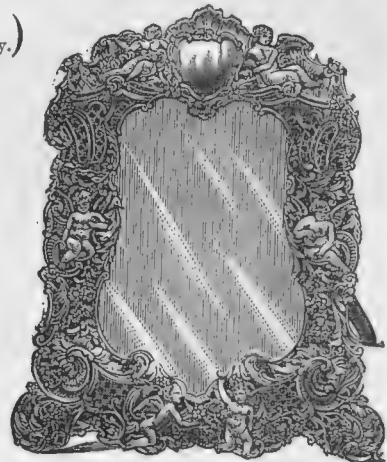
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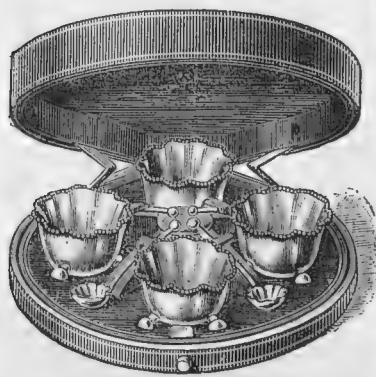


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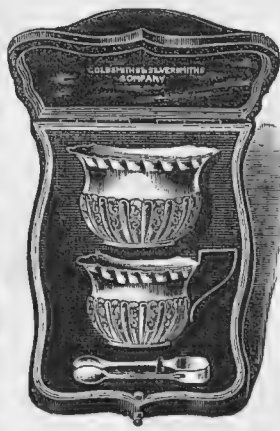
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THE CROSS OF THE
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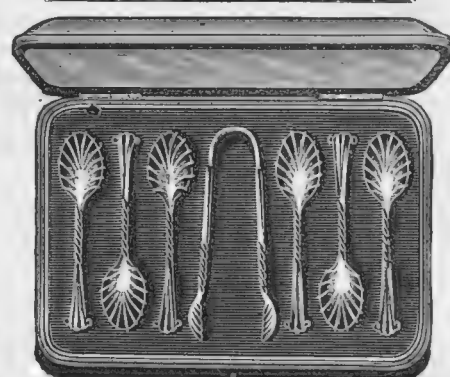
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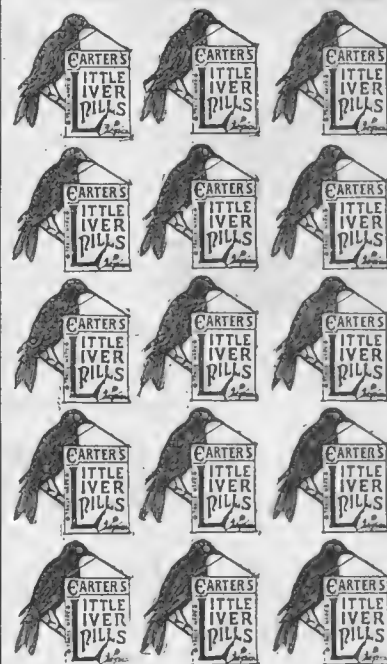
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THE "A.B.C." SHOP.—ITS LIGHT SIDE.

There is just now considerable attention directed to the A.B.C. system in London—and not without cause. It is long since I came to the conclusion that the Aërated Bread girl is of a different order of being from the ordinary waitress—in fact, one might almost say, from the ordinary girl. There are points in common. The A.B.C. girl is generally trim and slim, but her one overwhelmingly prominent feature, the characteristic which puts all her other qualities in the shade, is that she is prim. She does not smile; she does not bend to advances, however ingratiating; she treats all her customers as so many consuming units, to be fed, but not otherwise demanding attention.

The effect of this is depressing. An air of reserve, almost of religious calm, hangs round the A.B.C. shop. The customers, seated at the little tables dotted round the shop, eat and drink usually in silence, and converse, when they do venture to say anything at all, to each other in whispers. It is a sort of religious feast, and the trail of the Aërated Bread girl, who presides like a black-robed priestess, is over it all.

Sometimes you will see a rash personage, generally a young man, endeavour to ignore the unwritten laws of the place, and to be lively, even facetious. The other day a young man, with his hat on the back of his head, entered the little shop where I sat at tea. He was, I should think, a medical student. He hung up his hat, put two big books down on the little marble-topped table, together with a long roll of newspaper, from which protruded the knobby end of a bone, and loudly rapped the sugar basin with its own tongs. I looked at him with pity. I could not help thinking that "something" would happen to a young man who would venture so to disturb the holy calm of the place. One of the vestal virgins, in a big white apron, glided up to him and eyed him staidly. He was quite unabashed.

"Oh! get me some tea, will you, Mary? Your name's Mary, isn't it?"

"It is not."

"Well, it's Sarah or Eliza, or something pretty, I know. Give me some tea and cake, and cheer up."

"Tea and cake? What cake, please?"

"Oh! any. Which sort d' you like, eh?"

"I don't have cake."

"You don't? I should have thought you'd have taken the cake anywhere. Bring me anything you like, my dear."

"My dear" departs, having wasted a petrifying glance on my gentleman, who was arranging his necktie in the looking-glass, smiling contentedly at his reflection as he did so. Presently she returns with the tea and some cake, which she places near the large bone. She is about to move away, when he stops her.

"Maudie, there's no sugar in the basin. No; don't stir it with your little finger. I don't like my tea too sweet."

Impervious to this bit of biting sarcasm, she puts another basin of sugar by him.

"Now, you haven't given me a spoon. I'm like you, I can't get on without a 'spoon.'" He exploded into a disgustingly loud guffaw at his own wit. "Don't you wink at me, you wicked little thing, or I'll tell the Missus."



SUGGESTION FOR NEW AND IMPROVED A.B.C. GIRL.



"I DON'T HAVE CAKE."

But all this is wasted. She does not melt; she does not smile. She brings him a spoon, and returns to her seat without changing one jot the sphinx-like immobility of her face.

A very different style of young man sat two tables away from the "medico." He rose nervously from his seat as he gave his order with a deprecatory air of apology. He dropped the sugar-tongs on the table with a clang, and blushed furiously as he nearly upset his cup of tea in his haste to pick them up. Having finished, he waited until the girl happened to pass him before he ventured to ask for his check, and as he went to pay at the desk he tip-toed across the floor, holding the brim of his hat to his mouth in orthodox devotional style.

There was a stout, comfortable-looking man on my right, who poured out his cocoa into a saucer, but just as he was about to drink it he caught sight of one of the girls with her Gorgon eye on him, and he hurriedly poured it back into the cup, spilling a great deal of it on his roll-and-butter as he did so.

The A.B.C. shop is very popular, however; at the midday-meal time you will find it crowded. The busy City man, who can only allow himself ten minutes, comes here; he will have dinner in the evening when he gets home, and, meanwhile, a cup of chocolate and a scone will serve for lunch. His junior clerk comes here, too; he won't have any dinner when he gets home, but the scone and chocolate will serve for him, too. He takes care not to sit too near his master; he will explain to you that he "does not care to recognise the boss here—he dresses so awfully shabby."

Sometimes, when the May Meetings are on, a benevolent-looking cleric, on his way to Exeter Hall, will bring his wife here and



"THE CUP THAT CHEERS BUT NOT INEBRIATES."



HE POURED IT BACK IN A HURRY.

order tea, and remark, "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," with a lofty smile, as if it were an original thought that had just flashed on him.

There's a lot to be learnt by keeping one's eyes open in an A.B.C. shop, for even if the chilling influence of the place does act as a restraint on the people who go there, and tend to bring their peculiar characteristics down to one dead level, one has a much better chance of jotting them down in one's sketch-book. With the eye of the Aërated Bread girl on them, they don't like to fidget too much.

E. G.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

The fascinations of autumn gowns and millinery have made me for a time oblivious of the claims of my special favourite, the tea gowns; but with the sudden advent of wintry weather I have had an equally sudden return to my old allegiance, for to realise a perfect picture of



THE "DUCHESS" TEA GOWN.

ideal comfort it is necessary, to my mind, to have a storm of rain or snow outside, and inside, in delightful contrast, the most luxurious chair in the house, placed within respectable distance of a brightly burning fire, the inevitable cup of tea, with an interesting book or companion, and, most important of all, a tea gown which, in addition to being the perfection of comfort, fills you with the pleasing consciousness that it is showing you off to the very best advantage.

So forth I went on a pilgrimage after just such an ideal garment, and I found my Mecca at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, the only difficulty being that there were so many shrines at which I felt bound to pay homage.

First and foremost, I stayed my steps before a really exquisite garment of tea-rose yellow satin, brocaded with white in a very graceful design. The back was arranged in quite a novel way, being gathered to the waist, the plain Watteau pleats coming from each side, and joining at the base of the V-shaped point, whence they fell in wonderfully graceful and effective folds. The loose front was finished off with two frills of white lace at the neck, and a flounce of the same lace at the foot, while the full puffed sleeves were finished off with similar frills. But what constituted, to my mind, the greatest charm of all were the flowing angel sleeves of lovely white lace, which gave an absolutely perfect finish to an eminently lovely tea gown. It had such a royal air that I have christened it the "Duchess" (of course, just at

present there is, to all intents and purposes, but one duchess in everybody's mind), and if you will look at the accompanying sketch it will give you a better idea of the gown than any mere words.

But I must reserve a very large amount of praise for the other tea gown which I have had sketched, and which is called the "Mignon," for you will, I expect, find it difficult to choose between the two. This one was of pale heliotrope crêpon, with a full Watteau back, and a loosely hanging front, caught in at the waist by a carelessly knotted band of ribbon to match. The sleeves, which were simply delightful, were puffed to the elbow, where they were finished off by a frill of creamy white guipure lace, from beneath which fell a deep pointed frill of heliotrope silk, trimmed with an insertion band and frill of lace to match. Over the shoulders fell a frill of silk, trimmed with lace in the same way, and continued into a very pretty and artistic drapery at each side of the Watteau back; while the gathered yoke was edged with a frill of lace. I am sure that none of you could wish for anything smarter, prettier, or more becoming, and when I tell you that you can become the possessor of one of these fascinating garments—made in any colour—for the wonderfully low sum of £4 9s. 6d., I expect there will be a raid on Mr. Peter Robinson's Oxford Street establishment.

Another very cheap tea gown, the "Hebe," was made of crêpon, with loose full front of silk in some contrasting shade, and deep shoulder frills and drapery of écreu lace, the puffed sleeves to the elbow being edged with a deep frill of lace. In crêpon the price was only two guineas and a-half, or in surah silk £5 15s. 6d.; so, with these two to choose from, who would be without a tea gown?

Rather more elaborate was another of yellow crêpon, accordion-pleated throughout, the sleeves being composed of five frills of the crêpon, bordered with one of black lace; while the yoke was covered with lace, which formed a large bow both at the back and in the front, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the skirt. Accordion-pleated



THE "MIGNON" TEA GOWN.

[Continued on page 109.]

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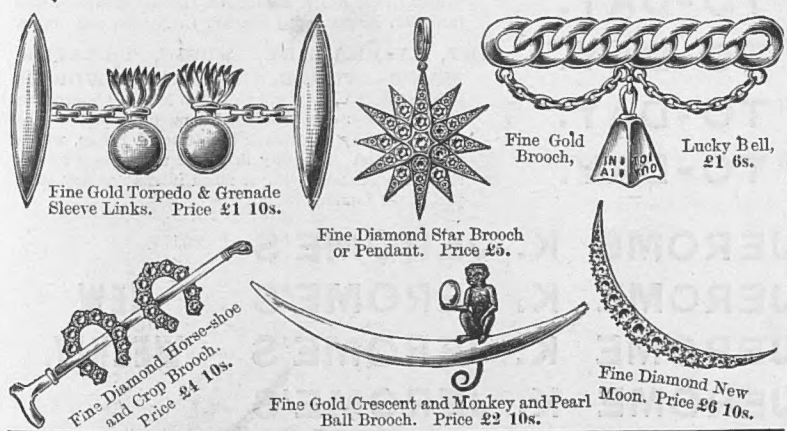
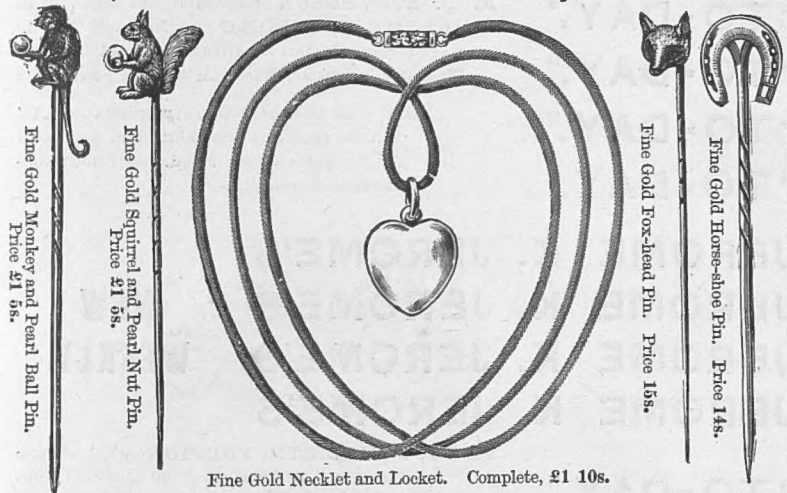
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BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR,

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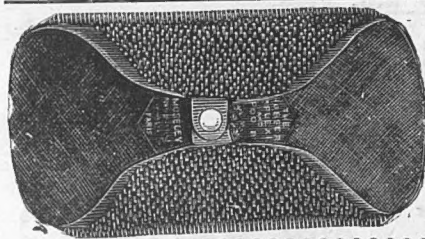
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NEW
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NEW
WEEKLY.

In No. 1, ready FRIDAY, November 10, will be found:

THE EBB-TIDE. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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CHARACTERSCAPES. By JEROME K. JEROME.

A LAY OF THE LINKS. By CONAN DOYLE.

THE DIARY of the Late EDITOR of the "MORNING POST." By SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN.

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INTERVIEW with the NEW LORD MAYOR and the OLD.

Together with the journalistic features named above.

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HOWARD HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

materials are always wonderfully effective, but especially so in tea gowns, and the bows of fine black lace were wonderfully quaint and pretty. I call seven and a-half guineas a very moderate price for such a production. Don't you?

A tea gown which struck me as being very handsome and, withal, seasonable, to say nothing of economical (for it was only four guineas), was of olive-green velveteen, a novel cape-like arrangement, gathered at the sides, and forming large puffs over the shoulders, then terminating in handkerchief points in front, being of *eau de-Nil* silk, bordered with cream-coloured guipure, the same lace outlining the collar and yoke. The gown fitted closely to the figure at the sides, the front hanging in straight, full folds, and the back being slightly trained.

In black-and-white there were some very effective combinations, one tea gown of black silk, with a crescent design in white, having a full front of white silk covered with frills of black lace, the sleeves being also of the white silk veiled in lace. A wonderfully cheap tea gown, which was only three guineas, was of black surah, fitting closely to the waist at the side, and with Watteau back and loosely hanging fronts. The sleeves were puffed to the elbow, the plain cuffs being of white satin, covered with black lace, collar to match, and very smart full shoulder cape of white satin covered with lace, a bow of white satin ribbon with long ends falling from the neck at the back.

But I must pass on to the tea jackets, which were very dainty and pretty. There was such a lovely one of pale mauve silk, the full basques, longer at the back and in the front than at the sides, being bordered with a pleated frill of lace, the sleeves being finished off in the same way. The Victorian shoulder cape was edged with a frill of lace, and round the waist was a loosely knotted sash, the ends being bordered with a deep frill of lace.

Even prettier, I think, was another tea jacket of forget-me-not blue silk, which had shoulder frills of soft white lace, forming a graceful fichu in front, the collar, cuffs, and gathered yoke being trimmed with rows of black velvet baby-ribbon and rosettes of the same.

But I have kept the best to the last, for look at the sketch, and imagine a tea jacket of delicate rose-pink brocade, with full basques at the back, and short zouave fronts over frills of soft white lace,

a graceful fichu arrangement of the lace falling from the collar. It was a delightful garment, very suitable for a bridal trousseau, and quite smart enough to be used as a theatre jacket when occasion required. Brides-elect, please note—in fact, both to brides and others my most cordial advice is, go to Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, if you want smart and novel tea gowns. I have given you a fair sample of the prices, so you need not be afraid of having too big a hole made in your purse. You may not all know, by-the-way, that he is the sole maker of the famous "Corset Tailleur," which almost every woman who wears tailor-made gowns should try for herself, as



A NEW TEA JACKET.

they are fitted with shoulder-straps, which give great support to the figure, at the same time elongating it without undue pressure, and altogether securing the perfectly graceful contour which is so specially desirable when plain, tightly-fitting tailor-made gowns are worn. They are quite cheap, too—only 17s. 9d., so, considering all things, it will be as well, I think, for those of you who appreciate bargains to call in and see all these pretty things when next you are in Oxford Street.

We must congratulate the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, W., on their notable success at the Chicago Exhibition, where they have just been awarded in all fifteen medals, including first award for sterling silver, first award for diamond ornaments, first award for watches and ships' chronometers, special award for the large Exposition clock, and a special award for gold caskets.

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Nov. 4, 1893.

As we led you to expect, no change has been made in the Bank rate, although opinions were divided as to what the directors intended to do up to the last moment. The Bank return is not reassuring, and it is pretty clear that we must expect an upward movement in the official minimum before long.

The two events of the week have been the triumph of the "honest dollar" men in the United States and the victory of the Chartered Company. The importance of the gold "bugs'" success had been amply discounted a few days before the final vote was taken; but, while we do not expect—and have, dear Sir, never led you to expect—an immediate revival of all things Yankee, we are convinced that the first great step has been taken in the direction of a permanent and lasting improvement, and that the chief danger which threatened commercial stability in the States is removed. We fully anticipate that the American market will pass through many fluctuations, but that the general tendency will be towards improvement and the re-establishment of public confidence, more especially if the good work now successfully begun is completed by the revision of the McKinley tariff. Already we hear of the reopening of factories in various places and the final extinction of clearing house certificates, which during the crisis were made to do duty for cash by the New York banks.

As to the victory of the Chartered Company and the rise in the price of its shares, we can honestly say that in the Stock Exchange, at least, everybody is vastly pleased, and when you consider the muddle, bloodshed, and expense to which this country was put over the Zulu War, not so very long ago, it is not surprising that City men are drawing comparisons between the advantages of colonising by means of a Royal Charter and by direct administration, by no means in favour of the latter method. In the City, at least, the views of Mr. Labouchere find no support.

The Home Railway market has been again very dull, and, until the coal strike is settled, will probably remain so. The traffics published this week are not as bad as most of us expected, especially as the take of the Midland compares with a very large return last year; but there is a general disinclination among holders to dispose of their stocks at the moment, and of buyers to purchase, until the unfortunate dispute which has of late so paralysed the trade of the country is finally adjusted.

The Foreign market has been featureless. The Brazilian revolution drags its slow length along, with the result that, as might be expected, the national securities are gradually depreciating; while, as far as the Argentine is concerned, the general tone is in the opposite direction. From the English investor's point of view, the fluctuations of securities like Spanish or Portuguese have very little interest, and our markets are not largely concerned even with Italy. The fall in the price of silver, which has resulted from the repeal of the Sherman Law, has not been severe, but such as it is it has been reflected in the price of the securities of Mexico and other purely silver countries.

When you doubled your holding in Lake Shores at 117, on our advice, dear Sir, we did not expect that they would have risen over 130 so soon, but, as you bought for investment, we do not suppose you will care to realise. It is reported that an alliance has been entered into between the Louisville and the Illinois Central Companies, in both of which you have a considerable stake, and that the first visible sign of the alliance is the purchase of the Chesapeake, Ohio, and South-Western Road. Until more details are to hand, it is premature to express an opinion on the effect of this news, which we send you for what it is worth.

The revenue statement of the Grand Trunk for September was an unpleasant revelation for the "bulls," and we confess we do not understand how the working expenses come to have run up so much. The Board are said to be inquiring into the mystery. Do not expect too much dear Sir, from the Tyler "gang."

The traffics of the Argentine railways show very moderate increases, and are certainly, as a whole, disappointing. It is abundantly clear that, as Rome was not built in a day, so Argentine prosperity can only be recovered by slow degrees, although with steady government the affairs of the republic are sure to quietly improve.

All advices from Australia, especially private letters which we have received from Queensland, speak most hopefully of the prospects in the various colonies and of the steady improvement which has taken place since the financial troubles of the spring and early summer. We think there is hope for the reconstructed banks, and we look forward with some confidence to the shares becoming of value within a reasonable time.

The exposure of the methods of the directors of the Mexican and South American Company, and the amount of money with which some of them have filled their pockets, have caused considerable remark in financial circles, and when some of the same gentlemen are implicated in the no less unfortunate Middlesbrough Land Company the scandal begins to assume large proportions. We hope that the shareholders of the Industrial and General Trust will remember that one, at least, of their present directors is implicated in both the above cases. We can tell you, dear Sir, that the Official Receiver has by no means exposed all the iniquities of the Mexican and South American Company, although enough has been made public to make it certain that proceedings against several people must be instituted. The question that people are asking each other is, Whether these proceedings are to be civil or criminal?—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Much depends on the present resumed session of Parliament. I do not speak so much of the Parish Councils Bill, with which at last a real start is being made; nor of the Employers' Liability Bill, which will pass through the House of Commons; nor of the other subjects which will engage the attention of the House, the South African War, the coal strike, and the Irish evicted tenants. The actual labours of Parliament will, I believe, achieve nothing by which any of the agents and patients in these affairs will greatly profit. The villages do not really want new local party politics, nor the miners State interference, nor the workmen litigation, nor the Irish Members the loss of a political cry, and certainly not the Chartered Company or the Mashonaland colonists the restoration of Lobengula, or the restriction of their hard-won field for profit. No. But everyone is thinking how the present sitting will affect parties. Can Mr. Gladstone's health stand the winter? Can his party do without the Parnellites? Will the London reformers and the Labour Members stand firm? And will the Government be defeated? And if so, what will they do?

PARTY! PARTY! PARTY!

For a long time we have not had so much talk about party. But now the sole interest centres round this question of whether the Liberals will hold out. I am bound to say that the thought proceeds less from the Conservative desire to get in again than from the awkward muddle into which the Radicals obviously have been driven. The Home Rule Bill has been rejected. The sole reason, therefore, for not dissolving Parliament and getting the nation's sanction for Home Rule is that a party success on some other subject must be won to flaunt before the electors, so as to induce them to forget how the great Bill was exposed. Meanwhile, a section of the Irish Brigade is in revolt because Home Rule does not block the way. And the answer openly made to them by Liberals is, "Don't be such fools! You must obtain a British majority; you would not get it now, and you must show the British electors that you will do something for them before they are likely to let you have what you want—they either dislike or don't understand." Meanwhile, so small is the Liberal majority that it is bound to hang together. Nobody dares, or has dared so far, to have an opinion contrary to Mr. Gladstone's; and nobody is sure yet what Mr. Gladstone will think. So we have come to this session with the object mainly of finding out how the party will act, and much less for doing any real good to the country. Will things go on as before? Will the Radicals, Liberals, and Irishmen link themselves as they did over the Home Rule Bill? That is the great question for the rest of the session.

THE CONSERVATIVE ATTITUDE.

The interest also hangs considerably on the fact that the opposition to Mr. Gladstone from now to Christmas does not come from the Conservatives. The Government programme—that is, Parish Councils and Employers' Liability—will not be attacked on party lines at all. The only subjects on which the Government are likely to be pressed are those which will be raised by men who have supported them hitherto. Indeed, the measures referred to above are so non-partisan that the Government may be criticised by their own following. For instance, Mr. Fowler on Thursday distinctly repudiated the idea of letting the Parish Councils Bill clash with Church interests, and he stated that he would agree with amendments preventing this. The Church party is, therefore, disarmed, and the Conservatives will give their best assistance to the measure. But what about the Radicals, who hoped to begin a disendowment campaign? They are likely to be immensely disappointed. But the plain fact stands out that the Conservatives have as yet no fresh quarrel with the Ministry. We claim to have beaten them on Home Rule, and we should like to prove it to the country at the polls, but, pending the inevitable dissolution next year, it will do us no harm to wait, supposing that none but non-contentious measures are passed meanwhile. How that will improve Mr. Gladstone's position I fail to see.

AN EGG-SHELL MINISTRY.

What a desperate situation, indeed! The ingenuity of the Old Parliamentary Hand has carried him on safely so far; but now that Home Rule is cleared out of the way the Cabinet is jogging along like an unsteady butterwoman to market, the eggs in the basket on her head being endangered at every stumble. How disunited they are may be seen by the Fabian manifesto in the *Fortnightly Review*. I will not enlarge on that topic; and it is, of course, quite possible that Mr. Gladstone, in his desperation, may yet make terms with the Socialist party. But if he does he will not do so except on a dissolution cry. Why? Because the Liberal party still contains men who would not stand a Collectivist régime. The Whigs must be propitiated—at any rate, till the next election. Then, but we can wait to see about that. And, pending the dissolution, the Fabians may well say that the Tories would be better enemies than the Whigs are as friends. It is too early to say what the prospect is, as the Irish Members have not yet returned to Westminster in force, and Mr. Chamberlain is still absent. But, whatever happens, the Conservatives can very well content themselves with looking on. We have no reason for attacking the Government. The Government can only suffer from the fact that it has too many eggs in its basket, and if these eggs begin to knock up against one another at all violently they will smash. It is a game we were hoping to see played before the recess; we were disappointed, but, surely, not for long.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

It would be hard to conceive a greater contrast than Parliament as it looks to-day and Parliament as it was during the Home Rule debates. The fierce flame of party passion seems to have been quenched, or, at least, it has burned down to the merest embers; the tone of the speakers, the whole set of the debate, are changed. The watchful row of Irish Members is gone; Mr. Chamberlain's keen, ferret face no longer watches the battle; Mr. Gladstone is silent, and simply watchful, and the discussion on the Local Government Bill ambles easily along in the hands of the rural specialists on both sides of the House. All this is to the good; you have a genuine setting of men's minds to a great political and social problem, without the disingenuous manoeuvres, the purposeful exaggerations, of the Home Rule controversy. It is dull, but it is business-like; colour has been lost, but practical politics have gained.

PAROCHIAL POLITICS.

The handling of the Parish Councils Bill belongs to Mr. Fowler, though everybody knows that the Bill is very largely the work of Mr. Acland, the Minister of Education. In a sense the choice of Mr. Fowler is a good one. The Bill is not a fighting Bill, and it can only be carried through in the month or so allotted to it with the tacit co-operation of the Tories. Strong tactics would be out of place, so Mr. Fowler plays the conciliation part, and plays it fairly well. He is a rather unctuous gentleman, a sort of moral blend of the country attorney and the temperance lecturer, heavy-jawed, strong-voiced, with a certain "God bless you" air, which does not suggest the highest kind of Parliamentary oratory. On the other hand, Mr. Fowler has a good, clear mind, has the power of making an excellent statement, and, as he is one of the less advanced members of the Ministry, as well as a general friend of compromises in all matters political, he may do very well. The danger is that he will try to do too well for the Opposition, and not well enough for his own friends.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S SPEECH.

On Friday evening the debate was conducted in fighting mood, largely owing to the interposition of the Under-Secretary for India. Mr. George W. E. Russell seemed to be revolting from the silence inflicted on him by his official status, and treated the House to a delightfully Radical speech, which considerably ruffled the calm lake of argument. He has rarely, if ever, succeeded in pleasing his friends on the Liberal side so well as on this occasion. It was, perhaps, because he came fresh from a political tour in his constituency that he "babbled o' green fields" with such intimate acquaintance and such obvious sympathy. There was a good deal of sarcasm mingled with humour in his description of village affairs, and the combination of these qualities proved too much for that great villager, the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, who rose and rebuked Mr. Russell for his badinage. Sir Richard Webster, just returned from contact with American institutions, refuted with warmth Mr. Russell's statements; but his speech only made the Member for North Bedfordshire smile with that calm graciousness which is such an admirable foil. Altogether, it was a lively evening, made valuable by a thoughtful contribution to the debate by Mr. Stansfeld. His criticisms deserve careful attention, which they will, doubtless, receive.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITIES.

The one open controversy is the Church Question, and on this point the Government have already given way. There is to be a new definition of what are ecclesiastical charities, to be left in the hands of the Church, and what are to be regarded as public charities, to be administered by the parish council and the villagers. What the Radicals fear is that charities partly under the administration of the Church and partly in secular hands should be treated as ecclesiastical. Another thing which troubles the Radical mind is the rather cumbrous nature of the machinery in the Bill for securing allotments. The Tories, naturally, want this weakened rather than strengthened, while the whole active force of the Liberal party acts in the other direction. Here, then, are two possible incentives to keen party fighting, but, somehow, I think this will be avoided; the word of command has plainly gone out from the Tory ranks not to oppose the Bill, and to endeavour to share the credit for it with the Government. That practically bars hard fighting. I prophesy, therefore, that the Bill will be through in a month, and the main end of the autumn session secured.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

As to Employers' Liability, the fight will be stiffer; there is a little ring of Liberal employers who are backing Mr. Walter M'Laren in his attempt to permit contracting-out of the provisions of the Bill in favour of the great insurance companies, started by such bodies as the London and North-Western Railway. Against this the entire body of Labour Members will make a strenuous set, and sharp words will be spoken of Liberals who join the Opposition in voting down prohibition against contracting-out. The Bill will need delicate and firm settling, and it is here, perhaps, that people are inclined to doubt whether Mr. Asquith is quite the man for the work. He is brilliant enough, clever enough, clear-headed enough for anything; but since his indiscreet oratorical tour and his speeches on the Featherstone affair "Asquith stock" has gone down in the Radical market. The Home Secretary is still a highly promising figure, but he has shown very clearly that he is still a young man, and that he has not yet learned the invaluable art of holding his tongue.